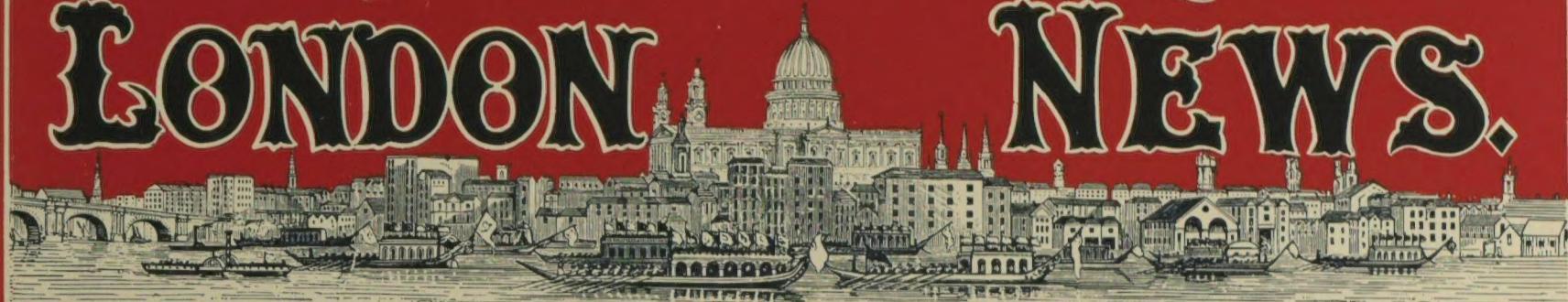


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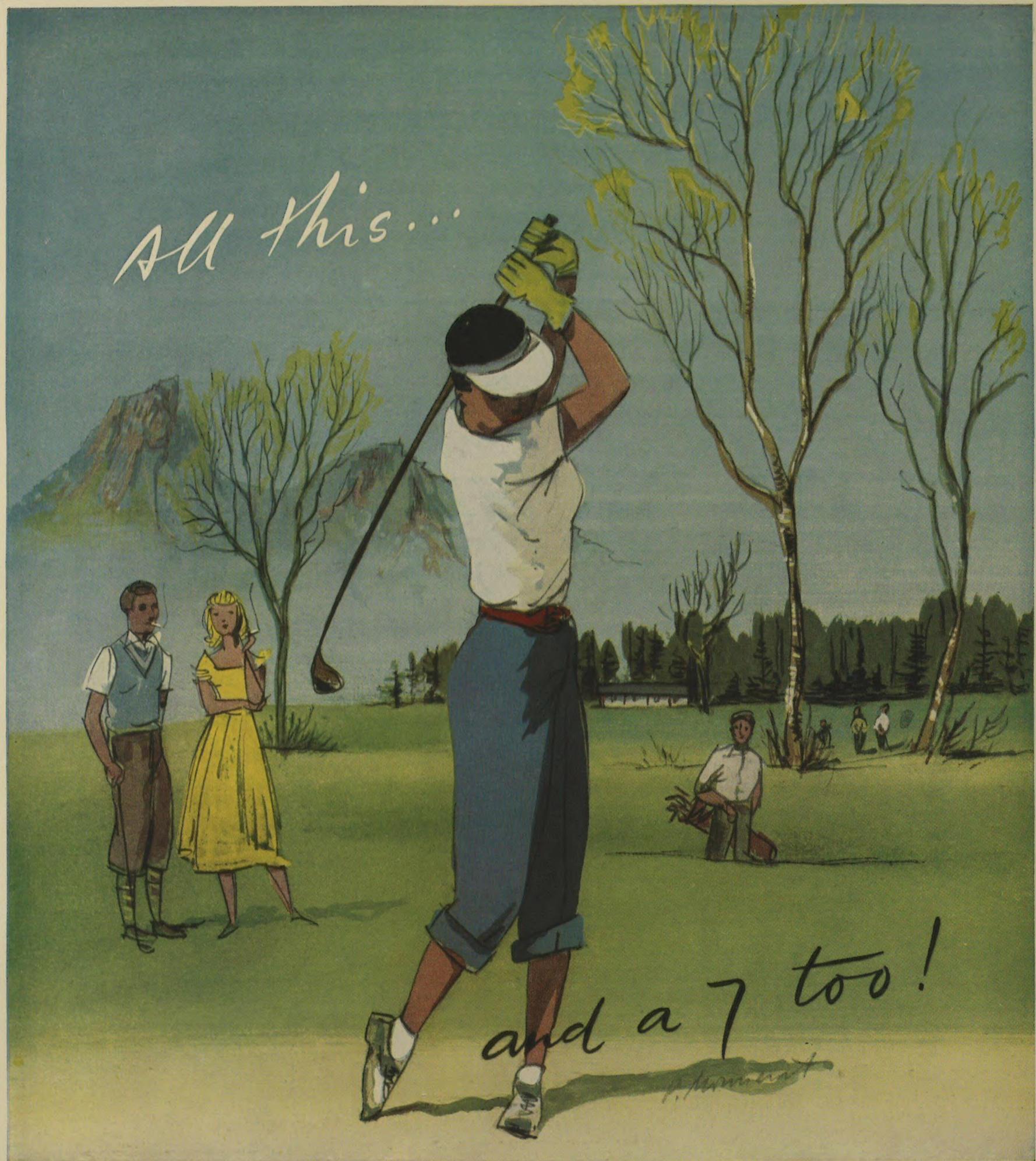
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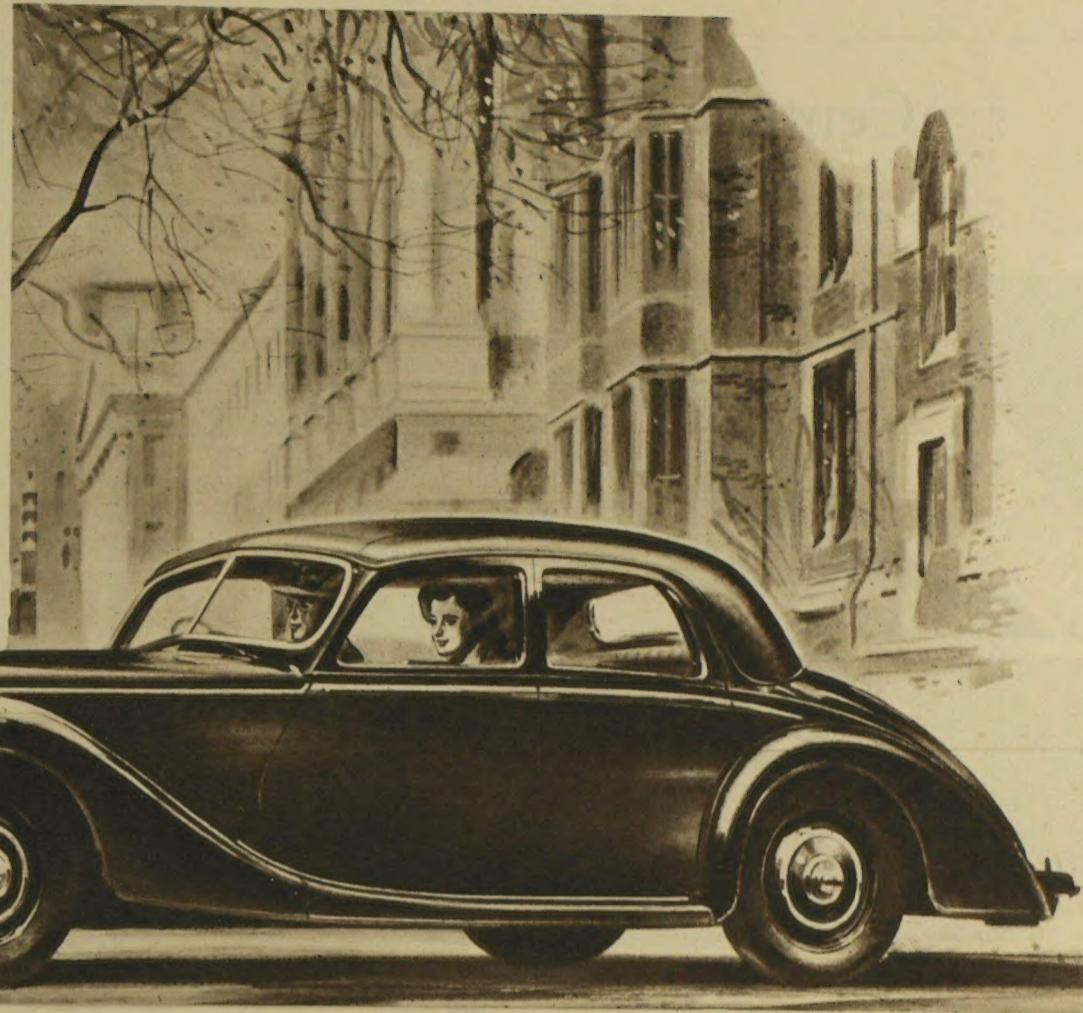
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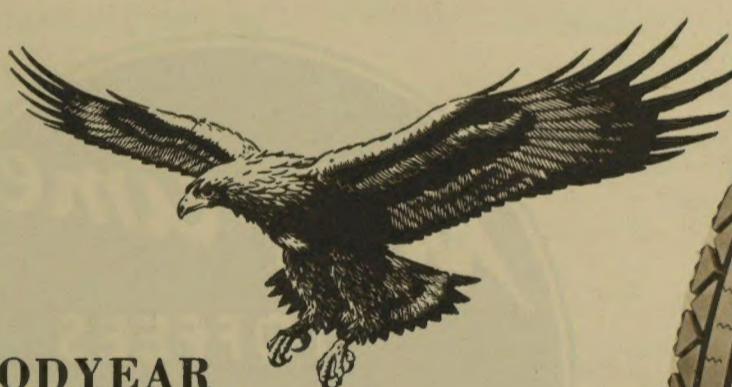
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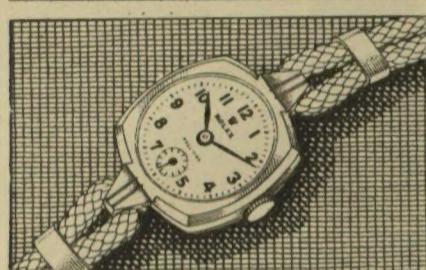
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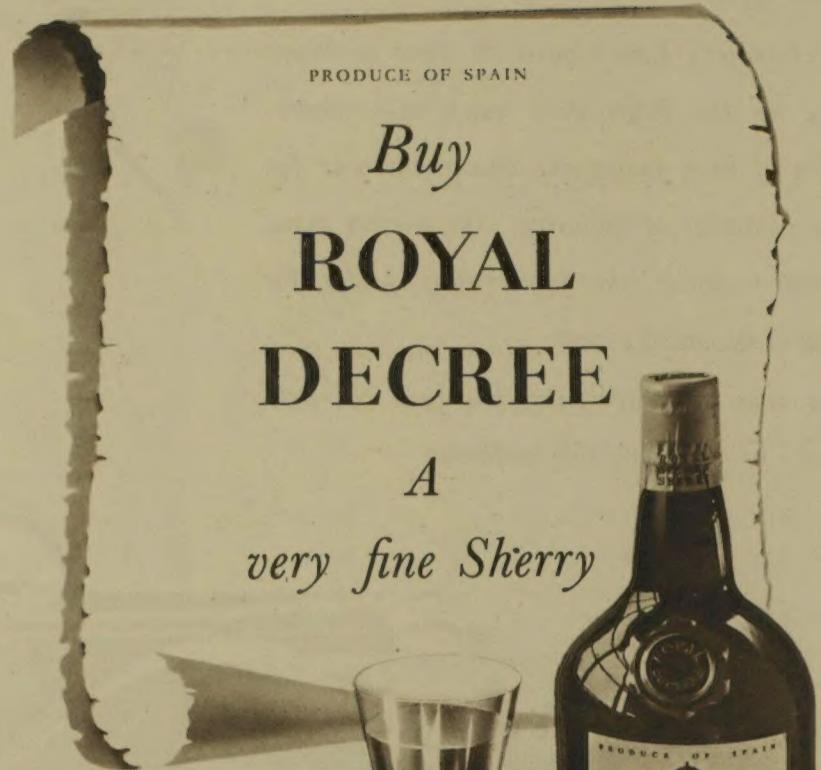
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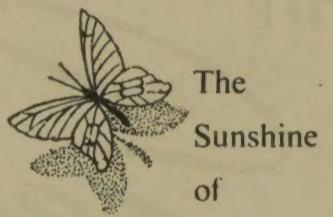
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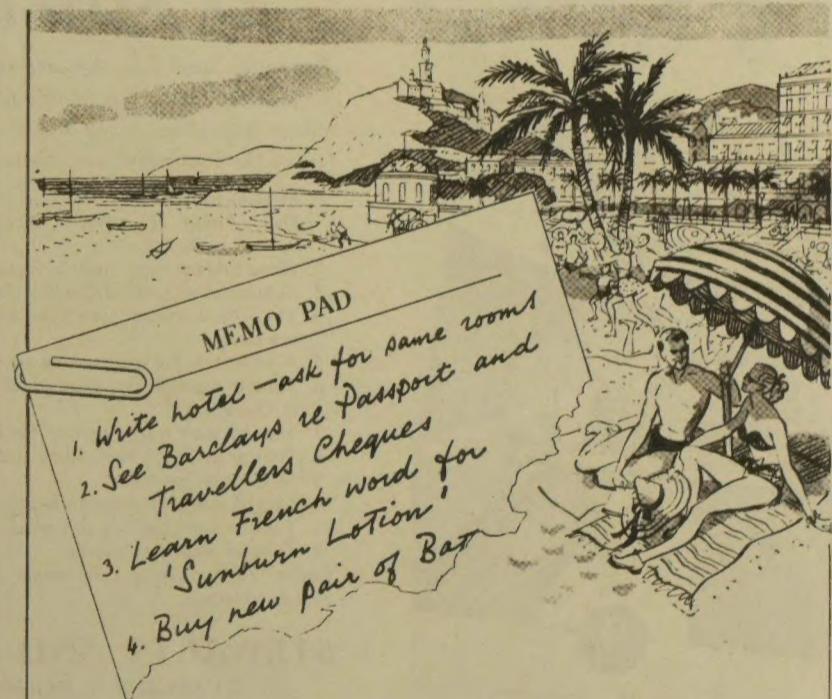
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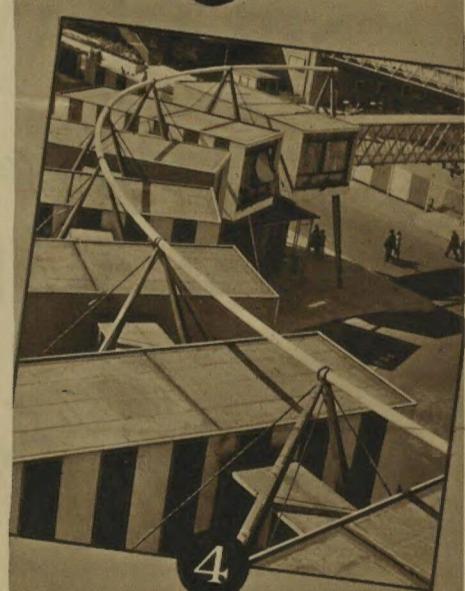
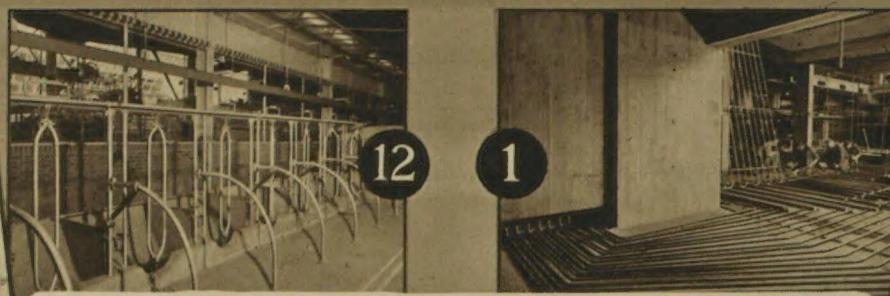
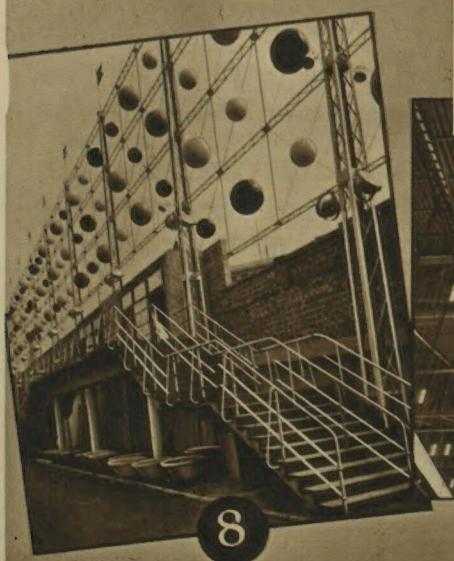
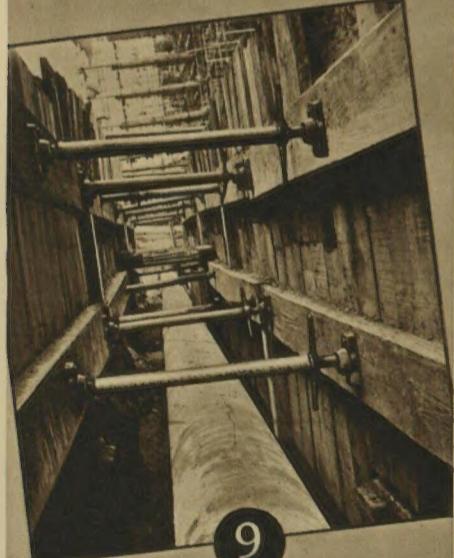
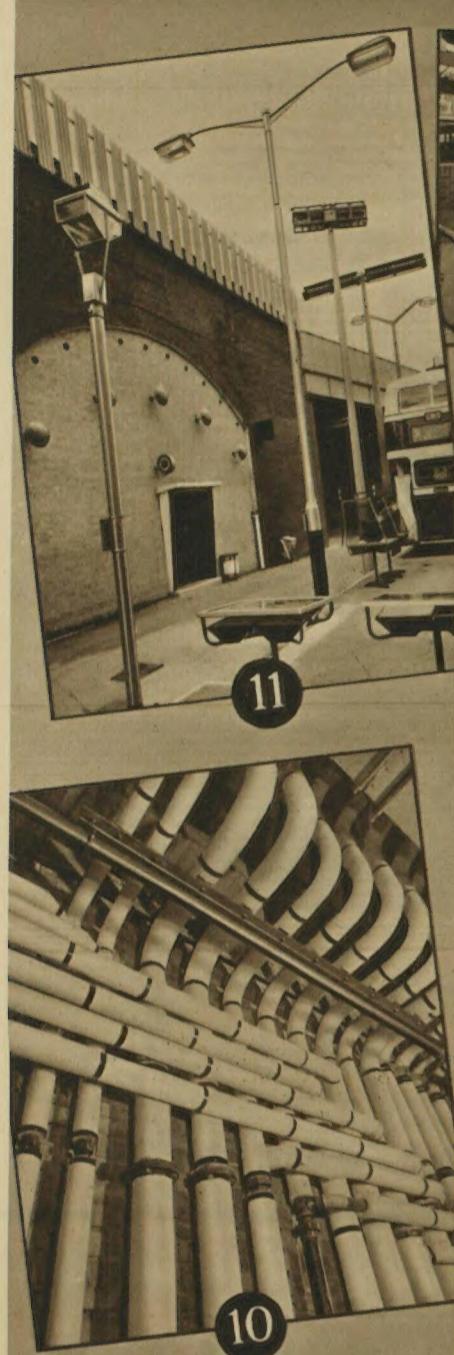
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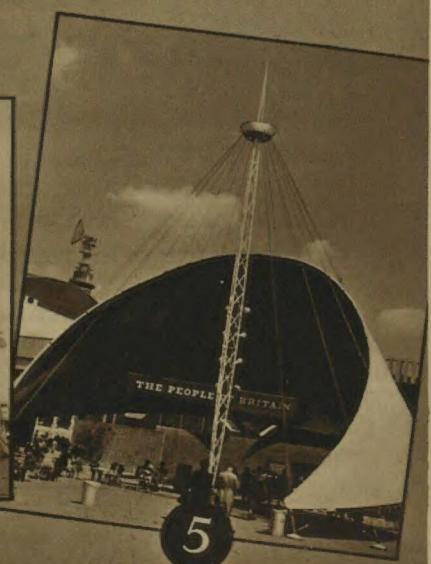
*This is the Steel Tube Age and throughout the Exhibition at South Bank steel tubes are used. Many of those for essential services are hidden from view; many others are evident; the following are a few of the uses which are illustrated:*

1. Heating panels made from  $\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter steel tubes, in the Royal Festival Hall. About  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles of steel tube are used in this building for various services.
2. 80 ft. tubular steel masts alongside the Bailey Bridge.
3. Tubular steel shaft of Control Tower.
4. The 7 in. diameter steel tube from which the Administrative Offices are slung.
5. A 64 ft. tubular steel lattice mast.
6. Tubular steel struts, 48 of which carry the entire weight of the Dome of Discovery.
7. Tubular steel framework of the Power and Production Pavilion.
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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1951.



ASSASSINATED ON JULY 20, KING ABDULLAH, CHAMPION OF ARAB UNITY AND FRIEND OF BRITAIN.

The assassination of King Abdullah on July 20 has shocked the world. He was entering a mosque in Jerusalem when he was shot dead by Mustafa Shukir Ashou, 21-year-old Jerusalem tailor, who was immediately killed by the King's bodyguard. King Abdullah, formerly Emir of Transjordan,

became King of Jordan in 1946. He was one of Britain's most faithful allies, and the champion of true Arab unity. A far-seeing statesman, a student of the Arabic language and lover of poetry and literature, he was also a sportsman; and had a great grasp of the latest developments in military science.

Photograph by Fayer.



## By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"AT first, Mr. Churchill strikes one as being in a great hurry. His movements are quick; his manner is brisk and determined, and even a little brusque. At moments he falls into silence and apathy, until one touches upon a subject that interests him deeply, when he bursts out into a torrent of eloquent and enthusiastic conversation. He talks brilliantly, in a full, clear voice, and with great assurance. He can be either epigrammatic or sarcastic, and is often both. I should say that he is more brilliant as an orator than as a conversationalist. At times, even in solitude *à deux*, he seems to be addressing a large audience, or a deputation meekly waiting upon him to learn his views." As I read this description of the man who led England in the Second World War, I looked up from the book I was reading, then glanced back at the title-page to reassure myself of the date at which it was published. It was January, 1901, more than fifty years ago. Britain was at war with South Africa, Queen Victoria was still on the throne, though dying, and Bruce Ingram, its present Editor, was just beginning his long career as Editor of this journal. And Mr. Churchill, it seems, was almost as much a public figure as he is to-day! Cherubic, fearless, enquiring, pugnacious, he looks out, with cigar in hand, from one of the two portraits of him with which Mortimer Menpes, half a century back, endowed his book of South African impressions. "What is there," the artist asks, "that has not been said about him? One has heard that he is this, that, and the other; that he was a tornado, a storm bird, a young man in a hurry; that he was a calm, phlegmatic person, with an iron will and an audacious heart. I myself found him a very sympathetic individuality; not arrogant, not an egoist, but a good listener and modest." He did not, the writer admitted, always speak modestly; he was too sure of himself, too resolute for that. "He would never consent to efface himself in order to give added and unmerited value to the quality of others. On the whole, he struck me as a man who, in certain circles, might be termed unpopular, and accused of an arrogance which, to any but a jaundiced vision, would appear for what it undoubtedly is, frankness and perfect manliness." Not a bad piece of character-reading, one feels, for a man to make, after a few hours' sketching and casual conversation, of one who, still in his early twenties, was one day to change the fate of the world. It seems a pity that Mr. Menpes could not also have encountered and sketched the young Hitler, in his peasant home in Austria, or the young Stalin, in his monastic seclusion in Georgia. It would be fascinating to read to-day what he wrote of them!

Mr. Menpes met, however, quite a lot of interesting people, and sketched and described most of them in this forgotten book of half a century ago. Lord Roberts and Milner, the defeated Cronje and General French, Kipling and Conan Doyle—whose greatest creation as an author has now achieved the immortality of a museum—and Cecil Rhodes. The latter—then also nearing the end of his brief, atomic career—is the subject of no fewer than five of Menpes' Boer War portraits, two of them, I think, among the finest likenesses ever made of Rhodes. What he has to say of the South African colossus is, therefore, of particular interest. He was one of the first to reach Kimberley after its relief, and saw Rhodes in action, engaged in his private war not only against the Boers who had attacked his diamond town, but against the unfortunate representative and prototype of the British Army who enjoyed the nominal, and shared the real, command of the besieged imperial outpost with him. The great man, indeed, entertained the artist at luncheon as soon as he arrived, feeding him on chickens that had cost him £5 apiece, eggs £1 per dozen, and butter worth its weight in gold—siege-prices a great deal more startling, incidentally, to Mr. Menpes' contemporaries than they seem to us in the inflationary '50's. Rhodes struck our author as the most wonderful man he had ever met: "a giant before whom all other men seem pygmies. Everything he does," he wrote, "is a success. He once started a cemetery at Kimberley, and took a great deal of pains to make it perfect—had it elaborately

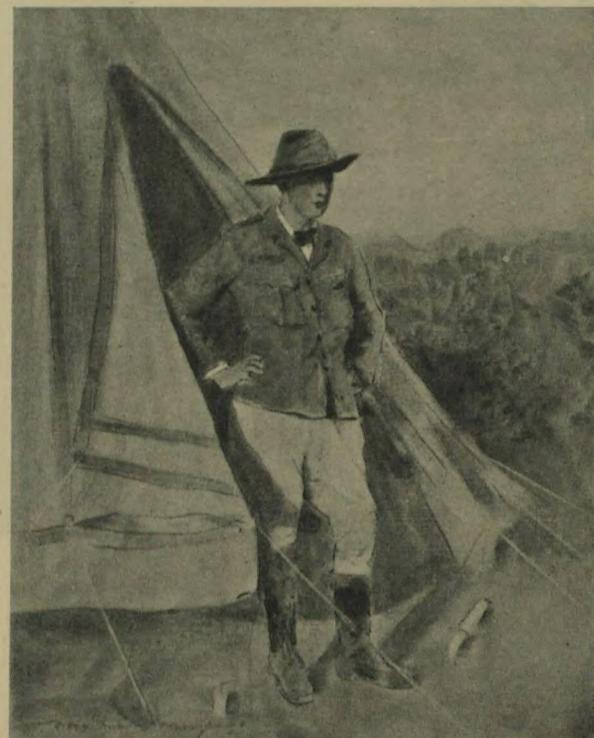
planted with trees, and did everything possible to make it a brilliant success (if the phrase may pass in this connection). After it was completed he went away from Kimberley for some time, and when he returned, after the declaration of war, he went with his manager to look at the cemetery and found it—empty! 'This won't do!' exclaimed Mr. Rhodes. 'What's the meaning of it? Why is it empty?' His manager said he fancied it was because the women had an idea that, being a new place, it would be a little solitary. 'Oh, but I can't have that! I'll offer them a premium for the first man buried here,' said Mr. Rhodes. And he did! And when it failed to produce a sufficient number of corpses, he proceeded to increase it until results were achieved."

One of Mortimer Menpes' South African heroes, it is interesting to note, was Major-General Wavell, the father of the great commander who held the Middle East in the crisis of the late war. He struck him as a soldier quite out of the ordinary run of nineteenth-century military pundits: the only one of them, indeed, except Lord Roberts, to whom he gave unqualified admiration. He seems to have been in many ways very like his more famous son: a man of rock-like firmness and constancy, eminently practical, with a strong sense of quiet humour, unassuming, kindly and with, particularly for a professional soldier of those days, a most original way of looking at things. Alone among the British soldiers Menpes met, he appreciated the power that their strong religious feelings gave to the Boers. "Give me," he said, "an army of psalm-singing Britshers, and we would carry everything before us—nothing could resist it!" Cromwell, it will be remembered, found much the same thing.

Yet the chief impression left by these impressions, half-shrewd and penetrating, half-naïve, is not of their links with our own day, but of the contrast. The Boer War was different to the wars of the middle twentieth century, not so much in its circumstances, terrain and weapons, as in the social character of the great nation that engaged in it. It was the first serious war, except for the Crimea, which had been fought almost entirely by the small regular professional army, which Britain had taken part in for nearly a century.

During that long stretch of time her people had enjoyed a degree of wealth, security and liberty unparalleled in human annals. The way they fought the first of their twentieth-century wars reflected the fact—the initial rigidity and lack of realism of the higher military command; the naïvety and unpreparedness of the volunteers who flocked so gallantly to the colours; the Society ladies of all ranks who descended on the Cape like a swarm of ministering locusts; the immense influence, even in the theatre of war, on a property-worshipping nation, of private commercial interests; the host of war correspondents, accredited and self-accredited, among them Mr. Churchill, who not only accompanied, but apparently preceded the armies, going almost exactly where they would, not because the British commanders wanted them there, but because the free institutions of the country gave them almost a right paramount to do so. We have advanced, or regressed, a long way since then. Yet one observation of Mr. Menpes seemed to go to the heart of the matter. We were living, a mighty and invincible Empire, he saw, by rule of thumb. The time was coming when we should be able to live by rule of thumb no more. "Now," he wrote, "that Great Britain is drawing in line with the other great nations, now that in the race for supremacy the competitors are more or less evenly balanced, imagination and the finer qualities in man must tell. The time will come when all our leading men—our Statesmen and our Generals—will be chosen because they are men of imagination." When the First World War came, save at the Admiralty, they were not so chosen. When the Second World War came, they were. And the man who chose them was the young war correspondent whose assessment by Mr. Menpes is quoted at the beginning of this page.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL FIFTY YEARS AGO



IN UNIFORM AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. A SKETCH BY MORTIMER MENPES, WHO, HALF-A-CENTURY AGO, RECOGNISED THE OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY OF HIS SITTER.



"CERUBIC, FEARLESS, ENQUIRING, PUGNACIOUS, HE LOOKS OUT, WITH CIGAR IN HAND....": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AS A YOUNG WAR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA. A PORTRAIT SKETCH BY MORTIMER MENPES. In the article on this page Arthur Bryant quotes the acute and remarkably accurate estimate of Mr. Winston Churchill's great personality and outstanding ability made by Mortimer Menpes over fifty years ago when he sketched the various leading figures of the South African War. It was published in "War Impressions," which appeared in 1901, "being a record in colour by Mortimer Menpes, transcribed by Dorothy Menpes." Reproductions from "War Impressions," by Courtesy of the Publishers, A. and C. Black.



ON HIS WAY TO THE MOSQUE OF AKSA, JERUSALEM, ON THE THRESHOLD OF WHICH HE WAS MURDERED ON JULY 20: KING ABDULLAH, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1948.

## MIDDLE EAST MURDERS: KING ABDULLAH OF JORDAN AND A LEBANESE STATESMAN.



WITH HIS SECOND SON, PRINCE NAIF, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED REGENT: THE LATE KING ABDULLAH OF JORDAN, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LONDON IN 1949.

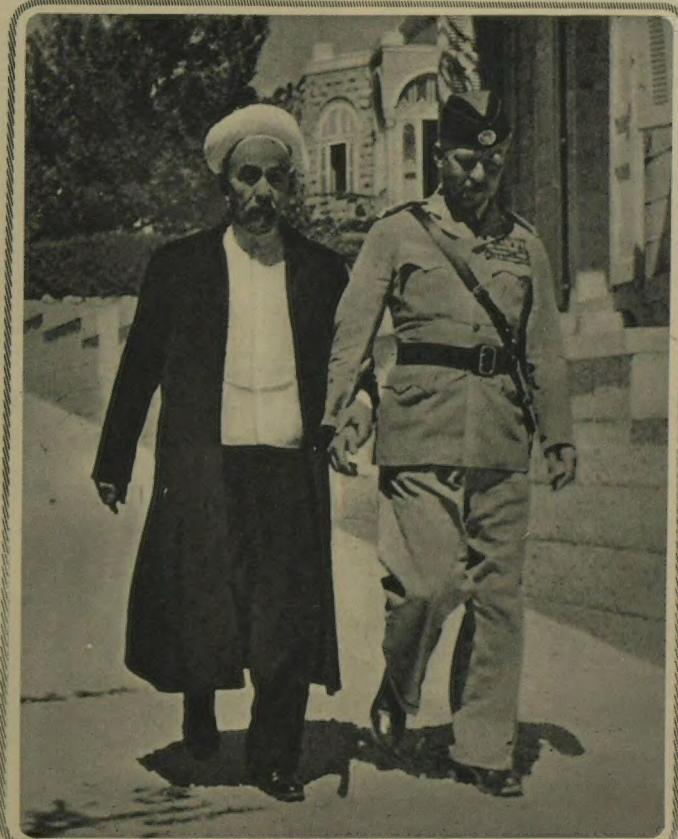


THE MOSQUE OF AKSA, JERUSALEM, ENTERING WHICH KING ABDULLAH WAS MURDERED: IT IS A MUCH VENERATED SHRINE.

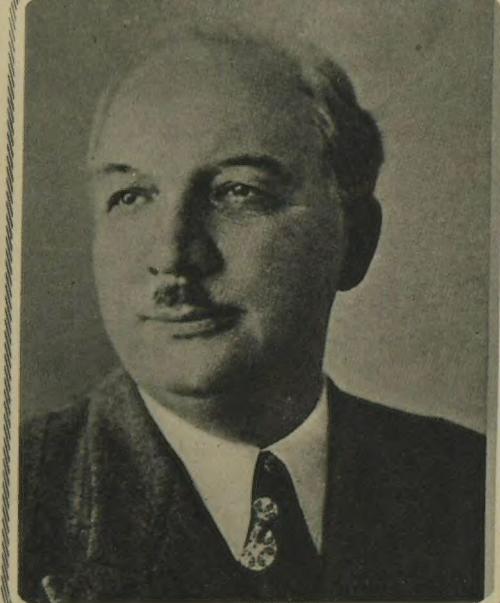


THE ELDEST SON OF THE LATE KING ABDULLAH OF JORDAN: EMIR TALAL, WHO IS NOW UNDERGOING MEDICAL TREATMENT IN SWITZERLAND.

ON our front page we give a portrait of King Abdullah, assassinated in Jerusalem on July 20. He was on his way to pray in the Aksa Mosque, the "most distant" shrine (from Mecca), to which God brought Mohammed from Mecca in one night. It was originally a Christian basilica built by Justinian. The Jordan Cabinet have issued a statement that owing to the absence in Switzerland of the King's eldest son, Emir Talal, who is undergoing medical treatment, his second son, Emir Naif, is appointed Regent. One of King Abdullah's closest friends was the Englishman, Glubb Pasha, who has commanded the Arab Legion since 1939. Our photographs of [Continued opposite.]



WITH HIS BRITISH FRIEND GLUBB PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE FAMED ARAB LEGION: KING ABDULLAH, WALKING IN THE STREETS OF AMMAN, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1948.



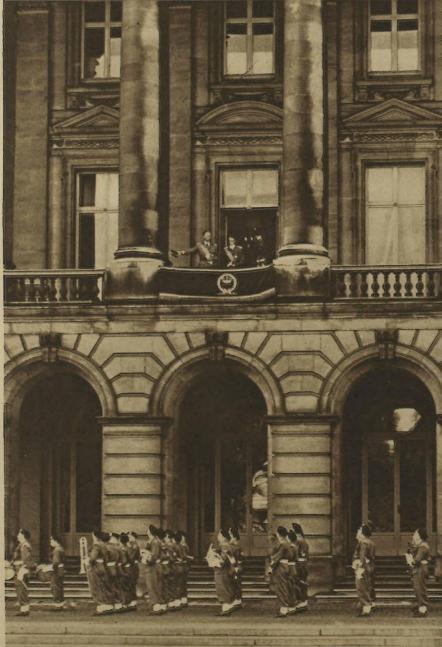
ASSASSINATED IN AMMAN ON JULY 16: RIAD BEY ES SOLH, FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF LEBANON, WHO HAD COME TO JORDAN ON THE KING'S INVITATION. [Continued.]

King Abdullah with Glubb Pasha, and on his way to the mosque outside which he met his death, give some idea of the informal manner in which he was wont to move about. The disturbed state of the Middle East is indicated by the fact that on July 16, Riad Bey es Solh, Prime Minister of Lebanon from 1943-45 and from 1947-50, was murdered in Amman on his way to the airport, whence he was to fly to Beirut after spending three days in Amman on the invitation of King Abdullah. King Abdullah had roused hostility by his plans for a Greater Syria and also by the edict of April, 1950, in which he incorporated Eastern Palestine in his kingdom.

## THE ACCESSION OF KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS: SCENES



KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS' FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY AFTER HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE: THE YOUNG KING (CENTRE) SALUTES AFTER LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN BRUSSELS ON JULY 17, TO WHICH HE HAD DRIVEN IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS.



FROM THE BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN BRUSSELS, KING LEOPOLD PRESENTS HIS SON BAUDOUIN TO THE PEOPLE OF BELGIUM AS THEIR NEW KING.



"MAY GOD HELP ME TO MAINTAIN THE WELL-BEING OF THE NATION": KING BAUDOUIN IN FLEMISH AND FRENCH, BEFORE MOUNTING THE THRONE IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN BRUSSELS.

## OF THE ABDICATION AND THE OPENING OF THE NEW REIGN.

ON July 16, as reported in our last issue, King Leopold of Belgium signed the Act of Abdication in the Royal Palace at Brussels, transferred to his son Prince Baudouin "the noble and heavy duty of bearing hereafter the crown of Belgium," commanded his son to the presence of the State president and ended with the words: "I adjure you, let us remain united. May God protect Belgium and its people." After the King and the Prince had embraced, King Leopold signed the Act of Abdication and led his son down the balcony where he acknowledged the greetings of the crowd below and presented his son Baudouin to them. On the following day, July 17, at a joint session of both Houses of Parliament in the Parliament Building in Brussels, Prince Baudouin took the oath, swearing to observe the constitution and the laws of the Belgian people and to maintain the national independence and territorial integrity of the country. Amid general cheer, he then mounted the throne. The speech from the Throne was delivered in the two national languages, Flemish and French, and in it the new King dedicated

himself to the service of the nation. He said: "My father has ended his reign by a great and self-denying gesture which had won the admiration of the country. My father, he said, instilled in me respect for the constitution and for the traditions of the dynasty. My father, said Baudouin, "help me to maintain the well-being of the nation." The Communist Members of Parliament were not present at this ceremony. After it was concluded, King Baudouin drove in an open carriage, preceded by three bands of clokokers, to the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, on which he laid a wreath, and thence to the Royal Palace. In the afternoon, the Prime Minister, M. Pholien, went to the Royal Palace and, according to custom, handed his Government's resignation. The next day, July 18, M. Pholien, announced that King Baudouin had asked the Government to remain in office and the two Houses passed a Bill granting a new Civil List for the King, the usual abstention from voting on this measure. Under this King Baudouin will have an annual income equivalent to £257,143.



OF THE BELGIANS TAKES THE OATH AND ADDRESSES THE JOINT HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT THRONE IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN BRUSSELS.



PART OF THE HIGH CROWD WHICH ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE PARLIAMENT IN BRUSSELS DURING THE CEREMONY WITHIN, IN WHICH PRINCE BAUDOUIN TOOK THE OATH, BEFORE A JOINT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT, AND BECAME KING BAUDOUIN, THE FIFTH KING OF THE BELGIANS.



KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW KING, WHO ACCESSED TO THE THRONE ON JULY 17. HE WILL BE TWENTY-ONE ON SEPTEMBER 7.

ON LAND AND SEA: EVENTS ROYAL,  
SPORTING, INDUSTRIAL AND MARITIME.

POURING MOLTEN METAL AT THE OPENING OF THE MARGAM ABBEY ROLLING MILLS—EUROPE'S LARGEST AND THE WORLD'S MOST UP-TO-DATE PLANT OF ITS KIND, AT PORT TALBOT, SOUTH WALES.

On July 17 the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gaitskell, opened the new Margam Abbey rolling-mills at Port Talbot, and read a message from the King, who was unable to be present. This huge project has been created in four years, on a former marshland site, at a cost of between £60,000,000 and £75,000,000, by the Steel Company of Wales.



PRINCE CHARLES AND HIS FATHER: A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT LONDON AIRPORT, AFTER THE YOUNG PRINCE HAD RUN ACROSS THE TARMAC TO MEET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON HIS RETURN FROM MALTA.



(ABOVE.) WINNING THE RICHIEST RACE IN BRITISH RACING HISTORY—THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN STAKES AT ASCOT: SUPREME COURT (E. C. ELLIOTT UP) LEADING FROM ZUCCHERO (L. PIGGOTT). (RIGHT.) MRS. T. LILLEY, THE OWNER, CONGRATULATING HER HORSE.

On July 21, a winner of the Derby, of the St. Leger, the 2000 Guineas, the 1000 Guineas, the French Derby and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and many other fine horses raced against each other in the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Festival of Britain Stakes for the richest prize in British racing history—£25,322 10s. It was won by Mrs. T. Lilley's *Supreme Court*, from *Zucchero*, with *Tantieme* third and *Colonist II*, fourth.



THE CITY OF BRISBANE, THE LARGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT FOR THE ELLERMAN LINES, LTD., TAKING THE WATER AT HER LAUNCHING.

CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST CROSS-CHANNEL FERRY STEAMER: THE SAINT GERMAIN, PHOTOGRAPHED AT ELSINORE, WHERE SHE HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED FOR THE FRENCH STATE RAILWAYS.





PIPED OVER THE SIDE OF H.M.S. MAGPIE ON JULY 16, AFTER HE HAD RELINQUISHED HIS COMMAND OF THE SHIP: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO SAID HE HAD SPENT "THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY SAILOR LIFE" IN THE FRIGATE.

ON July 16 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh relinquished in Malta the appointment of commanding officer of the frigate *Magpie*, and handed over to his successor, Commander Graham Lumsden. In an address to the ship's company he referred to his time in *Magpie* as "the happiest days of my sailor life." When he took command of *Magpie* the Duke had told the crew that he hoped, with their co-operation, to make her one of the Fleet's finest ships. Now, he said, he felt he had kept that promise, and the ship had also made a name for herself in sporting spheres. Our photograph shows him being piped over the side before he was rowed ashore by the ship's officers. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to leave for their "coast-to-coast" tour of Canada on September 25. Mr. Truman announced on July 12 that he had invited the Royal couple to spend a few days in Washington, D.C., on the conclusion of their Canadian visit.



LYING IN VALETTA HARBOUR, MALTA: THE FRIGATE H.M.S. MAGPIE (1430 TONS) LYING ASTERN OF THE REPAIR DEPOT SHIP H.M.S. TYNE. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TOOK OVER COMMAND OF HER IN JULY, 1950, WHEN HE WAS PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND H.M.S. MAGPIE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS RELINQUISHES COMMAND OF THE FRIGATE.

## "A REALLY ENGAGING COMPENDIUM" OF TRAVELS.

"South America, The Green World of the Naturalists"; By VICTOR WOLFGANG VON HAGEN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE words "South America" have conveyed various meanings to ordinary men in various ages. In early days they were synonymous with Eldorado; later, a region whence anything new and strange might come. To Canning and his contemporaries the words meant an assembly of new Republics with a bright future which would enable them to redress the future balance of power in the Old World—



"VESPUCCI ON HIS VESSEL OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA": FROM AN ENGRAVING BY DE BRY (FRANKFURT; 1597).

Amerigo Vespucci made three voyages to the New World under Portuguese patronage, and during the third, between May and October of 1502, he landed on Brazilian shores. His letter to Lorenzo di Medici describing this journey is quoted in "South America, the Green World of the Naturalists," reviewed on this page. Our illustrations are reproduced from the book by permission of the publishers.

a function not yet performed. To the Victorians Brazil was "the place where the nuts come from," and South America, for the rest, a semi-continent which specialised in revolutions and the "liquidation" of Presidents. To the man-in-the-street of our own time the picture is entirely dominated by the Argentine, its confident President, and its fluctuating contribution of gristle to our meat ration. But to the explorer and the naturalist South America still retains much of the old magic. Even to-day there are large tracts of it still unknown, such as that wilderness which tempted and swallowed up Colonel Fawcett; and much of it has been so inadequately explored that it may still have new treasures to reveal.

"South America," we are informed here, "is the great treasure-house of the naturalists. No other part of the earth has yielded such variety of natural riches." That statement needs qualification. It is far less rich in mammals than Africa, and, if we are thinking of plants, what can compete with those regions in Eastern Asia, whence we have derived, in the course of centuries, the most beautiful of our flowering shrubs and trees, and which, in our own days, have yielded such a profusion of beauties to travellers like Kingdon Ward and the late Reginald Farrer? However, it is indisputable that no region of the globe has "attracted a more illustrious procession of scientific adventurers and explorers of literary genius." From the works of these men, Mr. von Hagen, some of whose own exciting books I have had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns, has combined an anthology, the extracts from each author being given a biographical introduction. The selection of authors is not, I think, quite adequate. Waterton, for example—that noble and eccentric man of whom it may be said that if ever there was a friend of bird and beast, it was he—is mentioned in the preface, but not a line is quoted from his books. And the biographical information might in places be rectified. Of William Dampier, for instance, we are told in the introduction that he was "the son of a tenant farmer of East Coke," which village does not exist; and later, more accurately, that the place was East Coker (which will convey little to those who do not know the topography of Somerset, which county is not mentioned), and that he had his schooling at Yeovil, the name of which is misspelt. But these are minor blemishes on a really engaging compendium.

It has been compiled in unusual circumstances. "An anthology," says Mr. von Hagen, "is highly individual. As objective as one believes himself to be, he cannot escape the personal equation; and since 'person' is injected into 'selection,' it becomes the anthologist to speak of himself and his choice. During

the past fifteen years (with a hiatus during the war years), in the preparation of my own books or in the organisation of my own expeditions to South America, I have had constant occasion to read, at one time or the other, most of the literature that forms this vast *biblioteca suramericana*. In many instances I have been in the same cyst of geography in which the piece was written. I had Melville and Darwin with me on the Galápagos Islands; I traced with my own feet (and with his chronicle in hand) the starting-point of Francisco de Orellana's fabulous voyage down the rio Amazonas. I climbed over Inca ruins which had been graced with the descriptions of Humboldt a century and a half ago. And with the insects that Bates described I have had intimate experience. In many a jungle night, enveloped with a preternatural stillness, I have suddenly been engulfed with the 'symphony of jungle voices' that Konrad Guenther so wonderfully describes; and from huge-buttressed trees that shadow the forests I have cut down leaf-specimens to put into botanical presses, perhaps from the same tree which, almost a century ago, yielded its leaves to Richard Spruce, Yorkshireman. So I have culled these pages not from the dust of libraries, but from the remembered days and nights of living experience."

Passages are quoted from twenty-five authors, ranging from Peter Martyr

(1457-1526) to Englishmen and Americans, like William Beebe, H. M. Tomlinson and Ivan Sanderson, who are still alive. Pietro Martire, an Italian born who was a member of the Council of the Indies, and a friend of Columbus, Vespucci and Cortez, is quoted in an Elizabethan translation. In his account of the "marvelous fruitefulness" of the new world occurs this passage about a vegetable which revolutionised our cuisine: "They dygge also owte of the ground certeyne rootes growyng of theim selves, whiche they caule *Botatas*, much lyke unto the navie rootes of Mylayne, or the great pusses

or mussheroms of the earth. Hour soo ever they bee dressed, eyther fryed or sodde, they gyve place to noo such kynde of meate in pleasant tendernes. The skyn is sumwhat towgher than eyther of navies or mussheroms, and of earthy colour: But the inner meat thereof, is verye whyte. These are noorysshed in gardens. . . . They are also eaten rawe, and have the taste of rawe chestnuttes, but are sumwhat sweeter."

Martyr is followed immediately by Amerigo Vespucci, the only person so far (unless Europa was a real woman) to have a continent named after him—I say "so far" because we cannot be sure, should things go in a melancholy way, that Australia and America may not in the future be called Stalinia and Leninia, after the men who really, in spite of impudent capitalist lies, discovered them. "Who was Vespucci? A merchant of Florence, chief clerk to the House of the Medici, and later a minor *voyageur* to the New World. Like thousands of other ambitious young men, Vespucci had hurried eagerly to Spain when the discoveries of Columbus were announced. There he won the right to complete the contract of one Juanoto Berardi, who victualled the second expedition of Columbus. But the desire to participate in the discoveries themselves was strong; so Vespucci left Spain



"THE LOWER BRAZILIAN FOREST": FROM A DRAWING BY RUGENDAS, 1835. "The leaves and flowers of many tropical trees look as though stamped out of sheet metal and painted with glossy lacquers; the plumage of many birds glitters like bronze. . . . wrote Konrad Guenther in his book "A Naturalist in Brazil."



"CHIMBORAZO FROM A LITTLE ABOVE THE THIRD CAMP SEEN FROM 17,500 FT.": FROM WHYMPER'S "TRAVELS IN THE GREAT ANDES."

In December 1879, Edward Whymper (1840-1911) went to Ecuador to attempt to climb Chimborazo. His party made successful ascents of this mountain and of other giants of the Ecuadorian Andes. The resultant "Travels Among the Great Andes of the Equator" is one of the great natural history books on South America.

for Portugal, where he entered the service of Don Manuel. Under Portuguese patronage he made three journeys to the New World. It was during the third voyage, between May and October of 1502, that he landed on Brazilian shores. Three years later he was back in Spain, where he took out letters of Iberian naturalisation and was appointed pilot-major, chief pilot of Spain. He died there." A year after his third voyage he published a pamphlet on the subject. This fell into the hands of a map-maker who was hopefully producing a map of the New World, and, presumably for lack of any obvious alternative, he "inscribed at the tail-end of the map of the southern continent the name America. The name stuck." The quotation from him is drawn from a letter of 1504 to Lorenzo di Medici. In the midst of describing the perils of the journey and the wonders of the land, he says: "We sailed along the coast for nearly 500 leagues, often going on shore and having intercourse with the natives, who received us in a brotherly manner. We sometimes stayed with them for fifteen or twenty days continuously as friends and guests." Would that the whole history of European intercourse with South American natives had followed those lines!

The other early writers are Iberians. With the seventeenth century we come to Dampier and Lionel Wafer, "chyrgeon" to the buccaneers. De la Condamine and Humboldt are the great figures of the eighteenth century. Then come the Victorian host, least known among them being Spruce, who was responsible for the first quinine seedlings to leave America. The travellers of our own time may not have discovered so many novelties. But they certainly hold their own with their prose, notably Mr. Tomlinson and W. H. Hudson, whom I should like to have seen represented by a passage about birds from "Far Away and Long Ago"—but, after all, even in the best of anthologies there isn't room for everything.

## THE QUEEN VISITS WELSH FESTIVAL CENTRES: CARDIFF'S GREAT WELCOME TO HER MAJESTY.



ENTERING THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES, WHERE SHE INSPECTED THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATED ON ANOTHER PAGE: THE QUEEN WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF AND OFFICIALS.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH LEGION AT THE CITY HALL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



THE MASCOT OF THE WELCH REGIMENT IS PRESENTED: THE QUEEN, THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF, AND CORPORAL ITHEL WILLIAMS WITH THE GOAT.



EXAMINING A WELSH-MADE MINIATURE CAMERA: THE QUEEN AT THE WELSH INDUSTRIES FAIR IN SOPHIA GARDENS, WITH ALDERMAN G. WILLIAMS (LEFT).



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE WELCH REGIMENT: HER MAJESTY WITH THE COMMANDING OFFICER, MAJOR C. H. ALLEN, M.C., AND THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF.



THE VISIT TO THE WELSH INDUSTRIES FAIR: THE QUEEN AT THE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAND WITH MRS. BETTY JENKINS, IN WELSH NATIONAL DRESS.

The Queen visited Cardiff on July 18 and, during her stay of six hours, inspected the National Museum of Wales and the Welsh Industries Fair, two Festival centres. She was interested by the Loan Collection of "Paintings from Welsh Private Collections" illustrated on another page. Her Majesty was shown round the museum by Dr. Dilwyn Jones, the Director, Sir Leonard Twiston Davies, the President, and Lord Raglan, the Treasurer. She then spent an hour examining

the stands of the Welsh Industries Fair at the pavilion in Sophia Gardens, and with Alderman George Williams, chairman of the National Industrial Development Council of Wales and Monmouthshire, and Mr. D. J. Davies, the secretary, saw illustrations of the progress made in reviving industry in the south-eastern part of the Principality and elsewhere. She lunched at the City Hall, inspected guards of honour and fulfilled other engagements.

## THE TREASURES AND TRIUMPHS OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II., NEWLY DISCOVERED IN THE THIRD SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS AT NIMRUD: BRILLIANT ASSYRIAN IVORIES AND AN INSCRIBED MEMORIAL OF FIRST-RATE IMPORTANCE

By M. E. L. MALLOWAN, M.A., D.Lit., F.S.A., Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology at the Institute of Archaeology, University of London, and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.

In "The Illustrated London News" of July 22 and 29, 1950, Professor Mallowan gave an account of the first two seasons' work at Nimrud, the ancient Assyrian Calah, which, with his direction, were conducted under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq. In the following article he describes the results of the third campaign in the spring of 1951. During this season it was possible to dig on a larger scale, thanks to additional support generously provided by the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The excavations were made possible by further munificent grants from the Gertrude Bell Memorial Fund of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, from the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and the Griffith Institute, from Cambridge University, and from Messrs. Penguin Books, Ltd. The support given by other persons and institutions will be mentioned in a second article in which Professor Mallowan describes the second half of the work done.

THANKS to the co-operation of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, it was possible to operate at the site of Nimrud, on a scale large enough to uncover a range of buildings, monuments and small antiquities which, in artistic value and historical importance, are probably the most fruitful discoveries at any ancient Assyrian city since the time when Layard and Loftus abandoned their labours a century ago. The funds available for this expedition were sufficient for two months' work, which lasted from the beginning of March to the beginning of May. On an average, about 200 workmen were employed daily during this time.

Nimrud, known to the Assyrians as Kalhu (Calah of the Old Testament), was between the beginning of the ninth and the end of the seventh century B.C. the most important military centre in the ancient Near East. King Assur-nasir-pal II. (883-859 B.C.) spent the first five years of his reign in refortifying the city, and during that time built the famous N.W. Palace which, as we now know, covers more than two acres of ground. Layard's efforts were mostly confined to the northern administrative wing of the building, but even there his work was far from completed. One of the main tasks of our expedition was the excavation of the southern or domestic wing in which the king resided with his family and Court officials, and concurrently we dug out a courtyard and number of chambers outside the north entrance to the palace where Layard had ceased to operate. In both of these places we made a number of notable discoveries, including substantial additions to the ground plan of the palace, which, alike in concept and execution, is witness to the grandeur of ancient Assyrian architecture.

In a recess of the courtyard outside the north entrance to the palace we made a discovery which will undoubtedly be of world-wide interest. This was a sandstone stele (Figs. 3-6), 1½ metres high and just over 1 metre wide, standing in position on the pavement where it was intended to be seen by anyone entering the palace. On the upper part of the front face of this monument there was a panel (Fig. 4) depicting the king himself fully robed, with his royal insignia, a long staff in his right hand and the royal mace in the left. He was carved in relief and represented as bearded, crowned with the king's mitre and armed with two daggers. Above him were the symbols of the principal Assyrian gods, Sin, Assur, Ishtar, Enlil, Adad, and the stars, the seven *sibitti*. On three sides of this imposing monument there is an inscription 154 lines in length, perfectly preserved. The king therein records the building of the palace, the names of the principal gods, the countries that he has conquered and the buildings that he has caused to be erected within the city; as well as the canals that he has dug. Most interesting is the account of the various kinds of trees that he has planted in the city, many

of them imported from abroad. There follows a list of the temples, of the bronze, gold and different kinds of stone with which he has adorned them. There is a record of his lion and elephant hunts, and then comes a catalogue of the different kinds of

animals and plants, flora and fauna within the city's boundaries. He concludes with an account of a great feast given to no fewer than 69,574 persons after the completion of his palace; for a period of ten days he caused them to be wined, dined and bathed, and thereafter to return to their homes with joy. This unique inscription, therefore, is a census of the city of Calah for the fifth year of the king's reign—that is, for the year 879 B.C.; it also enumerates the foreign notables who were in

At the foot of it we found a large ivory plaque (Fig. 9) beautifully carved with a picture of the king himself dressed in his ceremonial robes and holding on the tips of his fingers a cup, which he is probably presenting to the gods. In the other hand he holds a peculiar form of bird-headed royal sickle, precisely the instrument carried by King Assur-nasir-pal himself on the celebrated British Museum statue. Against the eastern wall of the courtyard, lying in confusion on the floor, was a number of ivory plaques (Fig. 7) engraved with processions of animals, horses, asses, oxen, and there were scenes of war depicting captives with their hands tied behind their backs, just as they were represented on the stone reliefs that once lined the Palace walls. We therefore now have definite proof that one important class of the Nimrud ivories dates back to the reign of Assur-nasir-pal himself, that is, to the early half of the ninth century B.C. To this set of panels we can also add a superbly engraved series of ivory plaques which were discovered on the floor of Room B, the king's vast audience-hall first excavated by Layard more than a century ago.

We had elected to return to the east end of that room in order to expose the king's great inscribed foundation table (Fig. 1), which Layard had left there. This slab was found to be tilted on one end and in good condition, but we discovered to our surprise that the early excavators had stopped short before descending to the floor, so much had they been preoccupied with the gigantic task of removing the heavy gypsum wall-reliefs. Lying in the mud at floor-level we found sections of frescoes (Fig. 2) depicting chariot scenes vividly portrayed in black, white, red and a brilliant cobalt blue; these, it would seem, had fallen from high up on the walls. Near to them were fragmentary ivories (Figs. 11 and 12) engraved with an unusual set of scenes. The most striking were panels illustrating a ritual in which the principal figure was a bearded hero stripped to the waist, portrayed in the act of felling a tree to the ground in the presence of the king or one of his viziers. There were also other elaborately dressed figures and spirited renderings of horse-drawn chariots. The sensitive line engraving of these plaques and the free-ness of the drawing assures them of a high place in the history of the ivory-worker's art. There is now every reason to believe that this great hall, 45 metres in length and 10 metres wide, may yet contain many more treasures of the kind. A complete re-excavation of this room is a task which holds great promise of further rewards.

Two great chambers outside the north entrance are also new discoveries; both were paved with inscribed burnt-bricks of Assur-nasir-pal (Figs. 13, 14). One of them which was entered from the courtyard was a store-room, and was also probably used by the palace guards. Here, resting on the pavement, were great baked clay jars which had once contained the wheat and barley required for the palace. On one of these pots there was an inscription which recorded its capacity measure, 2 *imeru*, 2 *homeri*—that is to say, as much as two donkeys could carry on their backs, for the Assyrian word *imeru* is the equivalent

of the Arabic *hamar*, the ass. In another courtyard at the south end of the building, where the domestic wing was situated, we found the tethering blocks to which the animals were tied while water was being drawn from the palace wells. One of these wells was remarkable for the excellence of its construction (Fig. 15). It was built of burnt-bricks inscribed with the name of the king, and was 255 brick-courses deep. We dug it to a depth of 18 metres from the top, and there is now more than 4 metres of water in it. At the bottom of this well, preserved in the sludge, we found water-pots, an ivory figure of a stag (Fig. 10), and a woman's comb (Fig. 8), precisely similar in form to the combs which you can buy in the bazaars to-day. The sludge at the bottom of this well has had an extraordinary preservative effect; we found oak beams still in condition, and even traces of string. Next year we hope to pump the water out of the well and find yet more objects in the mud.

In yet another courtyard of the domestic wing we found a second well even better preserved (Fig. 16), for here we could trace the brick steps

which led up to a platform from the top of which the well-head had been dug. The steps had been carefully waterproofed; a heavy cap-stone surmounted the well opening, and adjacent to it there were perforated stones that probably once supported the wooden derrick to which the bucket must have been attached.



FIG. 1. THE GREAT FOUNDATION TABLE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II., CARVED FROM A SINGLE BLOCK OF GYPSUM AND BEARING THE KING'S "STANDARD INSCRIPTION"; RE-EXCAVATED IN THE GREAT AUDIENCE HALL, WHERE IT HAD BEEN LEFT BY LAYARD 100 YEARS AGO.

This huge, stepped gypsum block, with the tongue-like projections at each step—the shape having perhaps some ceremonial significance—commemorates in its inscription the building of the Palace, and gives a consecutive account of the military campaigns of the first five years of Assur-nasir-pal II.'s reign—i.e., from 883 B.C. to 879 B.C.

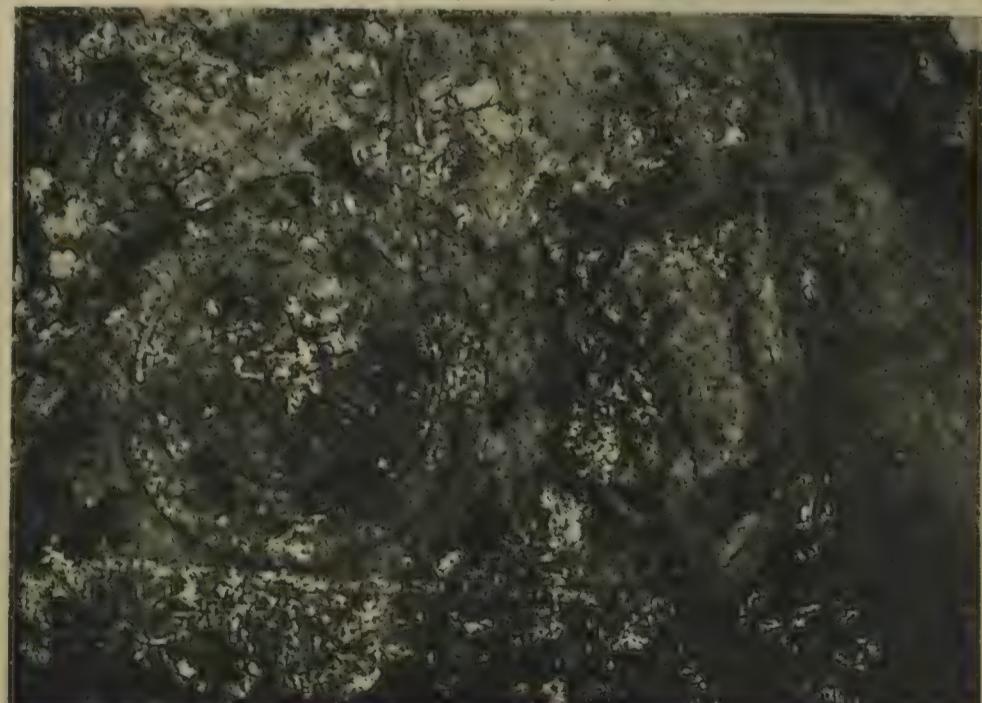


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FRAGMENTS OF BRIGHTLY-PAINTED FRESCO WHICH WERE FOUND AT THE FOOT OF THE STONE SHOWN IN FIG. 1. IT SHOWS AN EIGHT-SPOKED CHARIOT WHEEL. THE COLOURS USED WERE BLACK, WHITE, RED AND COBALT BLUE, AND MUST HAVE GIVEN A BRILLIANT EFFECT.

attendance on this occasion, and furnishes an inventory of the city's wealth. This monument was rightly judged to be of national importance to Iraq, and has been set up in the new museum at Mosul.

The stele itself was, however, by no means the only object of interest at the north end of the building.

## RECORDING A BANQUET FOR 69,574 PERSONS: THE "STELE" OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II.



FIG. 3. "A DISCOVERY WHICH WILL . . . BE OF WORLD-WIDE INTEREST": THE GREAT MEMORIAL STELE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II. AS IT WAS DISCOVERED *IN SITU*. BEHIND, LEFT, CAN BE SEEN PART OF THE FIGURES WHICH GUARDED THE ENTRANCE.



FIG. 4. A DETAIL OF THE FRONT FACE OF THE STELE, SHOWING THE PORTRAIT OF KING ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II. IN FULL CEREMONIAL DRESS, WEARING THE ROYAL MITRE AND CARRYING THE INSIGNIA OF HIS OFFICE.



FIG. 5. THE FRONT FACE OF THE GREAT STELE, WHICH MET THE GAZE OF ALL ENTERING THE PALACE: AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS, IT RECORDS A TEN-DAY FEAST FOR THE CITY'S ENTIRE POPULATION—69,574 PERSONS IN ALL.



FIG. 6. THE REAR FACE OF THE GREAT STELE (SEE ALSO FIG. 5): IT IS PRECISELY DATED TO THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE KING'S REIGN (879 B.C.) AND RECORDS AN IMMENSE AMOUNT OF ASSORTED INFORMATION.

The great inscribed stone, of which we show four photographs on this page, is almost certainly the most important single item discovered in this season's excavations at Nimrud, which are described by Professor Mallowan on the facing page. As he writes, it "was rightly judged to be of national importance to Iraq, and has been set up in the new Museum at Mosul." It was found in the courtyard outside the north entrance to the Palace, where it was standing in a position where it would be seen by everyone entering the Palace. It is a block of sandstone about 5 ft. high and 3½ ft. wide, and it is covered with a perfectly-preserved

inscription, with, on the front face, a relief portrait of King Assur-nasir-pal II. This inscription can be dated exactly to 879 B.C. as it includes a census of the city for that year and records that the King Assur-nasir-pal II. feasted the entire population of 69,574 persons for the space of ten days, after which they "returned to their homes with joy." It also lists the king's achievements in war and peace during the first five years of his reign, catalogues the city's flora and fauna and the trees planted, summarises the city's wealth and tells of the foreign notables present during the occasion.

## THE TREASURES OF NIMRUD: ASSYRIAN IVORIES OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 7. AN IVORY-WINGED SPHINX, FOUND NEAR THE GREAT STELE AND THE IVORY IN FIG. 9. THE EGYPTIAN DEITY MAY HAVE REACHED ASSYRIA THROUGH PHENICIA. (NATURAL SIZE.)

DURING this season's excavations at Nimrud (described by Professor Mallowan on page 134), a very great number of remarkable ivory carvings were discovered. The majority of these were discovered in that stage of the excavation which will be described in a second article, but those shown on this page are some of those found in the first stage. Most notable among these is the unique plaque shown in Fig. 9—the portrait of Assur-nasir-pal II. Apart from its great artistic and historic importance, it is a landmark in the history of ivory carving since it can be dated to 879 B.C. It shows the king in ceremonial priestly robes, holding out a drink-offering to the gods and carrying in his left hand a bird-headed sickle, exactly like that shown in the British Museum statue of this king. Fig. 12 shows two fragments of an interesting group illustrating a tree-felling ritual and the exploits of the Assyrian strong-man, who is the equivalent of the Greek Herakles.



FIG. 8. AN IVORY COMB FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL WITH FIG. 10: IT IS OF PRECISELY THE SAME PATTERN AS THOSE SOLD IN THE MARKETS OF MOSUL TO-DAY.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 10. A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF IVORY CARVING, FOUND IN A WELL WITH FIG. 8: IT SHOWS A STAG GRAZING IN A MEADOW AMONG LOTUS FLOWERS.



FIG. 9. A UNIQUE IVORY PLAQUE, PORTRAYING ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II. AND DATED AT 879 B.C. HE APPEARS AS PONTIFF AND BEARS A CURIOUS SICKLE. (ABOUT 10 7/10 INS. HIGH.)



FIG. 11. SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS OF CARVED IVORY FOUND NEAR ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II.'S FOUNDATION TABLE (FIG. 1): THEY SHOW (L. TO R.) A PROCESSION OF HORSES, PERHAPS A TRIUMPH; A KNEELING DOE, ENGRAVED WITH GREAT SKILL AND FEELING; AND AN ESCORTED PROCESSION OF PRISONERS, WITH TIED HANDS. (ENLARGED A LITTLE.)



FIG. 12. TWO IVORIES OF A VERY SPIRITED GROUP FOUND NEAR FIG. 1: ON THE LEFT, A RITUAL IS TAKING PLACE AMONG MOUNTAINS (CONVENTIONALLY SHOWN IN THE HEMISPHERES AT FOOT), AND AN ELABORATELY ROBED FIGURE IS FELLING A TREE. (RIGHT) THE ASSYRIAN EQUIVALENT OF HERAKLES IS FELLING A TREE. (ENLARGED.)

## THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA: DETAILS OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II.'S PALACE.



FIG. 13. IN THE GUARDROOM OF THE GATE OF THE GREAT PALACE OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II., LOOKING THROUGH INTO A STORE, WHERE STAND A NUMBER OF GRAIN-STORAGE JARS.



FIG. 14. THE GRAIN-STORAGE JARS: ONE IS MARKED WITH ITS CAPACITY, 2 IMERU (OR HOMERS—AN ASS COULD CARRY A HOMER).



FIG. 15. ONE OF THE WELLS FOUND IN THE PALACE, WITH EXCAVATORS' GEAR IN FOREGROUND: BEHIND IS A STORAGE TANK, THE WELL BEING LINED WITH BRICKS OF ASSUR-NASIR-PAL II.

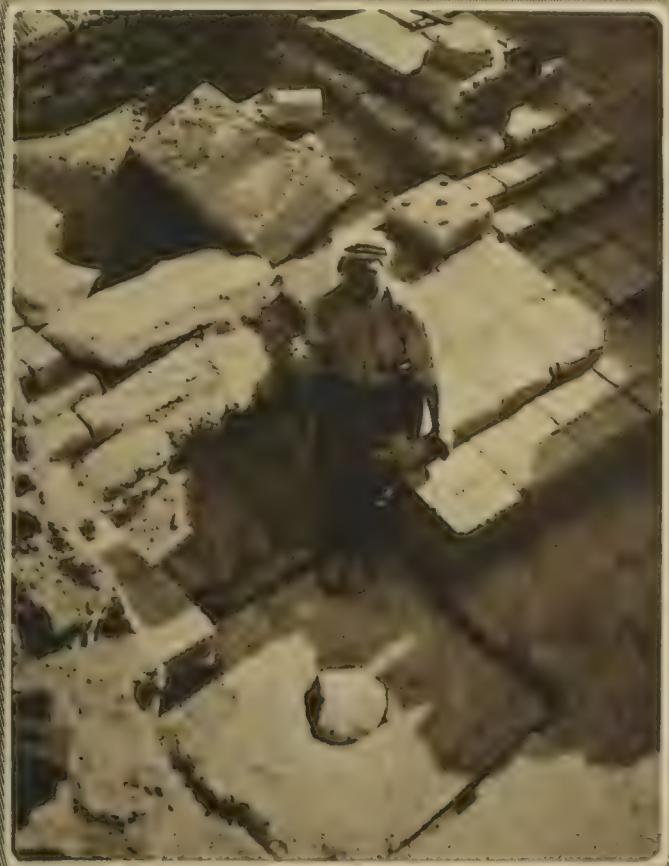


FIG. 16. AN EXCELLENTLY-PRESERVED WELL, WHICH WAS BUILT TO THE ORDER OF SHALMANESER III. (859-824 B.C.). THE DETAILS ARE DISCUSSED IN THE TEXT BELOW.



FIG. 17. A ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE KING SHOWING (BEHIND THE FIGURE) AN AIR-VENT IN THE WALL. USED AS A COOL STORAGE CUPBOARD FOR WATER-JARS.



FIG. 18. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE, FLOORED WITH INSCRIBED BRICKS OF SHALMANESER III. THE VASE AND DRAIN WERE VERY POSSIBLY FOR RITUAL LIBATIONS.

Besides the individual finds made at Nimrud during this season's excavations (described by Professor Mallowan on page 134), there were a number of larger or structural features of great interest, some of which we show on this page. One of these (Fig. 17) shows a form of Assyrian "air-conditioning," air-ducts being constructed in the thickness of the walls of some of the rooms with the idea of creating a current of air which should cool the room and also water-

containers which stood on inset niches. Two interesting wells (Figs. 15 and 16) were also discovered. One (Fig. 15), lined with bricks inscribed with Assurnasir-pal II.'s name, still held water. The other (Fig. 16) has brick steps leading to a platform, perforated stones to support a raising derrick, a shaped cap-stone and a drip-stone for waste water (by the man's feet in the photograph). Nearby were tethering blocks for animals.

# THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF BRITISH BIRDS, WHICH WAS AT ONE TIME THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION: THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE REVEALED IN A BRILLIANT SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

By WALTER E. HIGHAM, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

IT is over twelve years since I decided to photograph the Golden Eagle. I had started to make a colour film of the "Birds of Scotland," and well realised that to make such a picture it was essential that the King of Birds must take pride of place. In all, I have had fifteen visits to the Highlands in search of a suitable nest. I say suitable, as eyries that are ideal for photography are very rare. Up till this season I have met with disappointment. Either the nests have been inaccessible, where a suitably placed hiding-place was out of the question, or if a suitable nest presented itself, I have been too late on the scene, and the eggs have "vanished"!

It is not easy to find an ideal nest for serious photography, as several essential factors have to be taken into account. It must be possible to erect a hiding-place some 15 to 20 ft. away, where an unrestricted view of the birds can be obtained. If this position is too low, vision is impaired. On the other hand, a high viewpoint gives a distorted picture.

As is my usual custom, I contacted my various friends in the Highlands early in the year, reminding them of my project and enlisting their help, should any likely nest be occupied. Although I have always done my best in the past to describe the ideal site to these people whenever I have had favourable news, when I have climbed up to the nest there has always been some drawback. This year I heard of four likely eyries, three situated in the rocks on the mountainside, the fourth, in a tree, which I knew was suitable, as the year previously the same nest had been successfully filmed.

Due to the hard winter and late snows, I had been very worried whether the normal nesting would be affected, and when I heard this good news my spirits rose, and I made hurried preparations for the trip north. It was arranged that my friend, Henry Patrick, who had explored the breeding haunts with me the previous year, should accompany me for part of the time and that our first objective would be the tree nest.

For obvious reasons the exact localities of the nests cannot be disclosed, but the large estate where this nest existed was in Banffshire. For some time a pair of eagles had nested there in trees. The occupied nest this year was situated at the top of a glen, some four-and-a-half-miles walk from the lodge. The tree itself grew on the side of a steep bank and it was possible to climb up the bank and look right into the nest. By building a buttress, it was possible to make a level platform and upon this a hiding-place was erected. On my first visit the hide was put up at under half height to disturb the birds as little as possible.

When I returned to the eyrie the following day, I was very relieved to see the hen bird majestically glide off the nest, and so convinced was the head keeper that all would be well, the hide was put at full height. On the morrow I once more set out for the eyrie. My apparatus was taken up on one of the estate hill-ponies, the cases being strapped to a deer-saddle. Once more the female left the nest on our arrival. In fact, I thought at first that she was not on, as she let us get within 50 yards before she took to the wing.

Eventually — myself and two cameras installed in the hide — I was left, instructions having been given that I was to be relieved seven hours later. In just under an hour and a half the hen returned and proceeded to feed the chicks. It was a lovely sunny day, and it was rather surprising to me that although the chicks were not yet a week old, she was content to stand or sit by them. This behaviour, it later turned out, quickly altered when the conditions changed and the sunshine departed, and having fed, she would brood the two chicks.

The normal clutch of eggs is two, occasionally one. These take about forty days to hatch. The youngsters remain in the nest the best part of three months. The chief food of the birds is mountain hares and grouse. Many other things are consumed

according to the locality. Rabbits and rats were brought to this nest, but in this instance the staple food was grouse. The head keeper said that as the moors had been little shot the eagles were keeping the grouse population under control and preventing disease. Be that as it may, it can easily

few grouse or ptarmigan. As can be seen in the illustrations the nest is a bulky affair. It consists of branches of trees or heather lined with dried grasses or reeds.

Formerly the birds bred on sea-cliffs, feeding in the main on sea-birds, but to-day the breeding territory is chiefly situated amongst the Highland deer-forests. The usual nest situation is amongst the rocks on a mountain-side. Contrary to the impression generally held, the birds do not choose the highest mountain in the area or, in fact, the highest point on the one they have chosen. The nest more often is at a height of between 1000 and 2000 ft.

The second nest I photographed was some sixty miles distant from the other. It was situated in the adjoining county of Inverness-shire at the edge of the Cairngorms. Whilst there was a long walk to the tree nest, in this instance I could get my car along a disused track, which was once a road, to a shooting-lodge. I took this road for about four miles and then it was a very stiff climb, some 800 or 1000 ft. up to the eyrie. It took me all my time to climb up to the nest carrying nothing more than a seat and heavy tripod. My keeper friend did the journey twice on every visit, carrying my heavy and cumbersome equipment. The illustration gives a good idea of the situation. If one slipped, one could easily bounce to the bottom. In fact, that is exactly what did happen to my "Thermos" flask (till it disintegrated) and to a camera belonging to one of my friends, who inadvertently put it down whilst resting.

This second nest was situated on considerably higher ground than others. On several occasions I saw ptarmigan and, as can be observed from the illustrations, it was at snow-level. The hen was a very large one. The female is usually the larger of the pair, but it was particularly noticeable in this case, whereas the tree-nesting pair were both smaller, the hen being little bigger than her mate.

I have found that once the hide has been successfully erected, the eagle is an easy bird to photograph. Its movements at the nest are slow, and during the first two or three weeks the hen spends a lot of time at the nest. Once the chicks get older, the visits to the nest get shorter in duration till a time arrives when the young can feed themselves and, once this stage arrives, long visits are very rare indeed.

If I were asked what had impressed me most during my visits to these nests, I should say the silent manner the birds arrive at the nest. Whilst the chicks are small, there is no warning of the parents' approach. Once the youngsters get bigger and are capable of following their parents' movements in the air, it is possible to get some warning, by their actions, of an impending visit. I was fortunate to have four visits from the cock whilst I was at the two eyries. On each occasion he arrived with food and came whilst the hen was also at the nest. He never stopped longer than ten to fifteen seconds, and once he was satisfied that all was well, he departed.

Another point that struck me was the silence of the adult birds. Not once during my visits to the two eyries did I hear a call of any sort, either from the air or at the nest.

Lastly, I could not fail to be impressed by the manner the prey was dealt with at the nest. Grouse, which was the chief diet at both these nests, arrived beautifully plucked, in fact a credit to many a housewife! As can be seen in one illustration, the bird seizes the plucked prey by its massive foot and, holding it by its talons, proceeds to pull off large portions of flesh with its beak. It was particularly noticeable how small, tender pieces of breast were chosen for the chicks whilst they were small. Tough or sinewy portions were consumed by the adult. Finally, the feed at an end, the parent would often fly away carrying with it the victim's entrails.

Thanks in no small measure to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, who have a scheme in force whereby any keeper who allows an eagle to rear successfully is duly rewarded, the eagle is to-day not as rare a bird as some would believe. It is more than holding its own and, in suitable districts, is plentiful as compared with ten or twenty years ago. As an example, within three or four miles of the rock eyrie another pair of birds had their nest in a tree at the edge of a pine forest.

For those interested in photography, the illustrations were all taken with a 5 x 4 field camera, using a silent "Luc" shutter. The lenses employed were either 8½ in. or 10 in. focus.



THE HIDE FROM WHICH THE ROCK-EYRIE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN: THE EYRIE ITSELF IS BELOW THE OVERHANGING ROCK BEYOND AND IMMEDIATELY TO THE LEFT OF THE HIDE. This photograph gives an excellent idea of the situation at snow-level at the edge of the Cairngorms. Mr. Higham writes: "If one slipped, one could easily bounce to the bottom. In fact, that is exactly what did happen to my 'Thermos' flask . . ."



TAKEN FROM THE HIDE SHOWN ABOVE: THE HEN IS HERE SPREADING HER WINGS TO PROTECT THE YOUNG CHICKS FROM THE RAYS OF THE SUN, WHICH IN THE LATE AFTERNOON SHONE DIRECTLY INTO THE NEST. THE NEST IS OF HEATHER WITH A FEW TREE BRANCHES.

Copyright photographs by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

## THE DEVOTED PARENTHOOD OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE: UNIQUE REVEALING PHOTOGRAPHS.



DURING THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FIRST VISIT TO THE ROCK EYRIE, THE HEN SPENT MOST OF THE DAY BROODING THE CHICKS, WHICH WERE THEN THREE OR FOUR DAYS OLD.



A RARE AND OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPH: THE COCK BIRD, STANDING BESIDE THE BROODING HEN, DURING ONE OF HIS BRIEF VISITS TO THE EYRIE.



A FEED HAS JUST FINISHED, AND THE HEN IS SPREADING HER WINGS AS SHE SETTLES TO BROOD THE CHICKS. RAIN HAD JUST FALLEN, DROPS BEING VISIBLE ON HER RIGHT WING.

This group of photographs taken by Mr. Walter E. Higham at the rock eyrie on the edge of the Cairngorms is of exceptional interest, in showing the number of ways in which the hen eagle "mothers" her chicks. She is seen brooding them when they are young and the weather is inclement; standing away from them

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ALTHOUGH IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHICKS' LIFE THE HEN BROODED THEM FREQUENTLY, WHENEVER THE DAY WAS WARM SHE WOULD STAND AWAY FROM THEM FOR LONG INTERVALS.



DEFIANT MOTHERHOOD: THE HEN EAGLE GUARDING HER CHICKS IN THE ROCK EYRIE AFTER THEY HAD BEEN FED. THE REMAINS OF SEVERAL GROUSE CAN BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

in the warmer parts of the day; sheltering them from the sun (page 138) when its rays struck directly into the nest in the late afternoon; and brooding again when rain showers fell. The cock brought food at times to the nest, but never remained longer than about ten or fifteen seconds. Both were very fine birds.



THE PROUDEST AND NOBLEST OF BRITISH BIRDS IN HER MOUNTAIN-TOP EYRIE: A SUPERB CLOSE-UP OF AN ESPECIALLY FINE GOLDEN EAGLE HEN WITH THE CHICKS SHE HAS JUST FED.

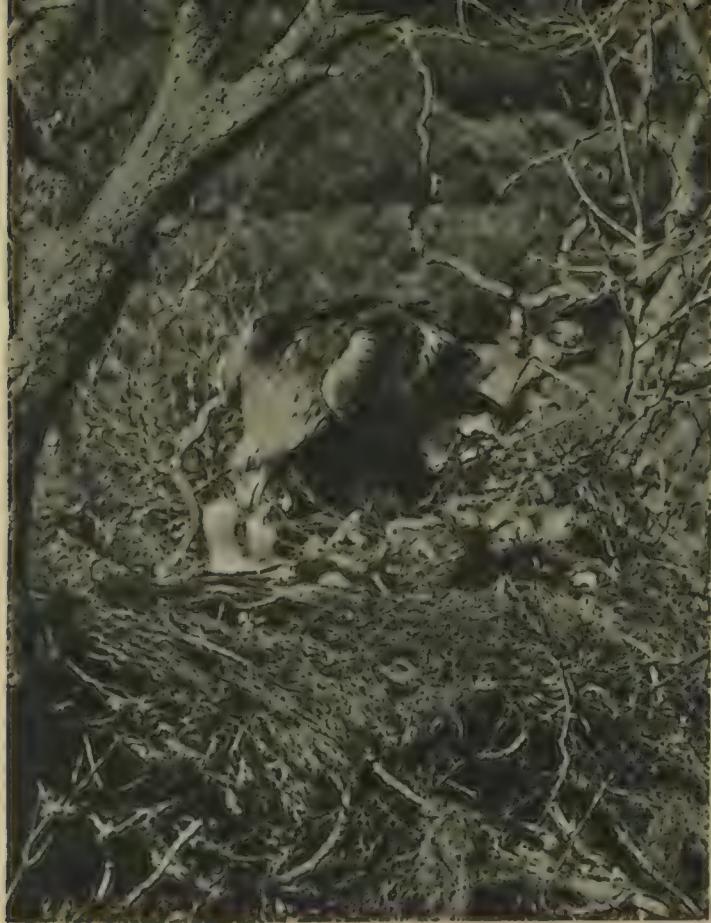
On page 138, Mr. Walter E. Higham tells the story of his photographing two eyries of the golden eagle and on several pages of this issue we reproduce a number of his highly successful studies. One of the eyries was in a tree-top in Banffshire; the other on a precipitous cliff-face in Inverness-shire on the

edge of the Cairngorms. It is the latter which we show here, and the pair of eagles which here raised two chicks were an exceptionally fine pair. As is usual, the hen was the larger bird, a magnificent specimen, but the cock was also a very fine bird, and both, at the time of the photographs, were in

exceptionally good feather. During his long vigils in the two hides, Mr. Higham was most impressed by "the silent manner the birds arrive at the nest. Whilst the chicks are small, there is no warning of the approach. Once the youngsters get bigger and are capable of following their parents'

movements in the air, it is possible to get some warning, by their actions, of an impending visit." The golden eagle, after a period of threatened extinction, is now more than holding its own. There was another eyrie within four miles of the nest shown above. (Copyright photograph by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.)

GOLDEN EAGLES IN A TREE-TOP EYRIE:  
UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEIR HOME-LIFE.



(ABOVE.) IN THE TREE EYRIE: THE HEN IS OFFERING TO HER CHICKS A TENDER PIECE OF GROUSE FLESH, THE CHICKS BEING AT THIS TIME ABOUT SEVEN DAYS OLD.



THE HEN LOOKS UP DURING HER FEEDING OF THE CHICKS. AS CAN BE SEEN, THE NEST IS MASSIVE AND MADE MAINLY OF HEATHER. THIS WAS ITS SECOND YEAR OF USE.



A PAUSE DURING THE FEED, WHICH IS NEARLY OVER. THERE IS A FRAGMENT OF GROUSE ON THE HEN'S BEAK, AND THE CHICK'S CROP IS, QUITE CLEARLY, NEARLY FULL.



A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS TO ADVANTAGE THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE HEN EAGLE, WHO IS GRIPPING WITH HER POWERFUL TALONS A GROUSE WHICH SHE HAS JUST BROUGHT TO THE EYRIE.

Copyright photographs by Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.



THE CHICKS HERE ARE ABOUT A FORTNIGHT OLD; AND THE HEN IS SEEN TO BE IN FINE FEATHER, WHICH IS UNUSUAL AS THE MOULT IS PROLONGED.

# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

## THE DRAFT OF A JAPANESE PEACE TREATY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

THE framers of the draft treaty with Japan, the terms of which were published simultaneously in Washington and London on July 12, had a difficult and intricate task before them. To mention only a few of the problems: while China is by previous agreement interested in this treaty, there exist officially two Chinas, and the Government on the Chinese mainland is not recognised by the most interested party, the United States; Governments other than those of the United States and the United Kingdom are also interested in varying degree, but it was considered that it would be a clumsy method to assemble all their representatives at the drafting stage; Japan must obviously recognise the independence of Korea, but Korea is in the melting-pot; southern Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands were pledged to Russia at Yalta, but, Russia not being a party to this treaty, they cannot be transferred to her by Japan under its terms, and can only be renounced by Japan; the future of certain other Japanese possessions or mandates under the League of Nations has not been decided, so that again a formal renunciation is the only possible step.

In these circumstances, it would appear that the drafters have made a reasonably good preliminary plan. The draft text, with all its omissions, has been circulated to the States concerned. Their comments will be sought, and there will then be further consultations. Finally, if the draft, by then doubtless amended, appears to have reached a form rendering it a suitable and promising foundation for a peace treaty, a conference for the purpose of drawing up such a treaty will be held at San Francisco in September. The bold proposal is made that Japan shall be restored to a position of full national sovereignty and become a member of the United Nations. The few comments from Australia, New Zealand and Canada reaching this country up to the time of writing have been pretty favourable, though those from Japan have been tepid. The military and strategic aspect naturally takes a prominent place in the outlook of Australia and New Zealand. On the same day representatives of the United States, Australia and New Zealand drew up the draft of a tripartite treaty between these three States, and it is expected that this treaty will be signed almost simultaneously with the Japanese peace treaty. The preamble of the former records the desire to strengthen the fabric of peace in the Pacific and recognises that Australia and New Zealand, as members of the British Commonwealth, have military obligations outside it. This treaty, which would entail the partnership of the United States in resisting renewed Japanese aggression, if such should occur, may lead the Pacific nations to regard the Japanese treaty more favourably and will certainly soften its risks.

Under the terms of the latter treaty Japan renounces all claim to Formosa, the Pescadores, southern Sakhalin, and to those territories which came into her power under the mandatory system of the old League of Nations; she recognises the independence of Korea; she agrees to concur in any proposals made by the United States to the United Nations to place under the trusteeship system, with the United States as administering authority, the Ryukyu Islands south of the 29th Parallel, the Bonin Islands, and others; she also renounces such rights as may derive from having been a signatory of the conventions of Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1919, Article 16 of the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, and the Straits Agreement of Montreux in 1936. If, however, Allied Powers desire to keep in force or to revive any of their pre-war bilateral treaties with Japan, they may notify her of the fact within a year after the present treaty has come into force, in which case these old treaties may be revived, subject to any amendments which may be necessary in order that they may conform with the terms of the present treaty.

The most important, and perhaps contentious, part of the treaty is the recognition that Japan possesses the inherent right of self-defence referred to in Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations and may voluntarily enter into arrangements for collective security. Thus the power to arm in self-defence is restored to her. All forces of occupation, as such, will be withdrawn within ninety days of the signature of the treaty, but this provision shall not prevent the retention of foreign armed forces in Japan under agreements made between her on the one side and one or more of the Allied Powers on the other. No restrictions are placed upon Japanese

industry, so that she may be presumed to have the power to produce arms for the defence forces which she desires to maintain, so far as her carefully dismantled war industries permit. She pledges herself to conform to fair trade practices and to enter into agreements placing trading, maritime and commercial relations on a stable and friendly basis with each of the Allied Powers. She undertakes to indemnify prisoners of war who suffered undue hardship while they were in her hands. No choice is made as to which Chinese Government Japan will eventually recognise, but China, as in the case of other countries involved, is accorded the right to Japanese aid in rehabilitation, for which purpose Japanese local assets will be at her disposal.

Communists and their friends will assert with a certain amount of truth that there is a strong element of make-believe in all this. The United Nations indeed, where the organisation exists outside mythology, is at best something very different from what it purports to be, and in Japan's case Article 51 of



JAPAN—A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE DRAFT TREATY: SHOWING THE TERRITORIES TO WHICH SHE RELINQUISHES ALL CLAIM; THE PRINCIPAL ISLANDS, KOREA, AND THE CHINESE MAINLAND.

Japan, as constituted after World War II, consists of four islands with a total area of 142,275 square miles. The four main islands are Honshu (mainland), Kyushu, Hokkaido and Shikoku. Under the draft treaty (discussed on this page by Captain Falls), published simultaneously in Washington and London on July 12, Japan will give up all claim to the island of Formosa (area 5,362 square miles), the Pescadores, and the Kurile Islands, southern Sakhalin, and certain Pacific islands, and relinquish her Antarctic claims. She will recognise the independence of Korea, and will agree to any proposal by the United States to the United Nations that the Ryukyu and certain other islands (at present occupied by United States forces) should be placed under United Nations trusteeship, with the United States as sole administrative authority. The Kurile Islands and southern Sakhalin were, under the Yalta agreement, to be transferred to the Soviet Union. They are now occupied by Russia.

or interests as she may derive from having been a signatory of the conventions of Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1919, Article 16 of the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, and the Straits Agreement of Montreux in 1936. If, however, Allied Powers desire to keep in force or to revive any of their pre-war bilateral treaties with Japan, they may notify her of the fact within a year after the present treaty has come into force, in which case these old treaties may be revived, subject to any amendments which may be necessary in order that they may conform with the terms of the present treaty.

The Charter of the United Nations hardly means what it did. The Kurile Islands and southern Sakhalin are firmly garrisoned by Russian forces, and it matters very little to Russia whether or not Japan renounces her claim to them, supposing that such a claim exists outside diplomatic terminology. Renunciation of Korea may appear meaningless. Japan is not going to supply any resources for the rehabilitation of Communist China—the industrial installations of which have in fact been liberally looted by Russia after having been established largely by Japan—except those on which the Chinese Communist Government can actually lay its hands, and these it has got already. Yet there is no dishonesty in the form any more than in the intention of the treaty. Diplomacy must use its own language and treat institutions as realities while they are formally recognised, even if they have in fact become shells. No serious criticism of the treaty on this score is valid.

The essence of the treaty lies in the liberation of Japan from the many restrictions imposed upon a defeated Power in the military occupation of the victors. There criticism may legitimately have its say. Yet the critics have an easier task than the drafters of the treaty since they are absolved from the task of finding an alternative policy. It is now

six years since the termination of hostilities with Japan. It is as true of her as of Germany that perpetual subjection and perpetual occupation cannot be maintained. Both might, indeed, be somewhat further prolonged, but when it has become recognised that such a state of affairs must shortly come to an end, its prolongation beyond a certain psychological point may do more harm than good by marring the relations between the States concerned and thus prejudicing the future. There is no satisfactory half-way house between subjection and national sovereignty, and the latter must in present circumstances involve the right to arm in self-defence. Nor is there any need to conceal the fact that Japan's inability to defend herself creates a dangerous vacuum in the Pacific at present. These considerations seem to me to be of greater importance than whether or not Japan has really "absorbed democracy." It does not seem probable, but it is too soon to be sure. It may be that the document will wear a different air after the comments have been received, but it is clear that the United States and we ourselves are bent on the restoration of Japan to full national sovereignty and will not be deterred from that policy.

I do not think that a grave immediate danger lies in Japanese militarism alone, even if that should prove to be a strong element in the national mentality. Yet there is another element which is dangerous in itself and which, in combination with a militarist spirit, might be very much more so. I allude, of course, to the astonishingly rapid increase of the Japanese population. Long before the war, after agricultural experts had done all in their power to increase the rice crop, the import of rice on a considerable scale had begun. But other Asiatic populations, notably that of India, are growing very much faster than that of Japan, and soon famine, once so familiar in Asia and, in fact, an indispensable brake on reproduction at the present rate, may again become as well known as before its abolition by the European administrative skill which Asia now repudiates. Shortage of food, shortage of work—these are spectres which stand in the path of any responsible Japanese Government. Yet it is not Japanese prosperity or Japanese lives alone that they jeopardise. The generation of the elders to which I belong may not see this problem reach the acute stage, but this must come if things go on as at present, and not only in Japan.

I need not now discuss the morals of the Japanese adventure in China, which has been generally condemned. (Yet some of the lessons Japan learnt from her European tutors were not a good introduction to a high standard of international morals.) The important point to bear in mind is that the adventure was founded upon economic pressure. The militarists doubtless cashed in on their opportunity, realising that a powerful footing on the mainland of Asia and the development of industry there would broaden the basis of Japanese military power. It was, however, above all as an outlet for energy, for the hustling, tough little men who could not find work at home and whose prospects of ever doing so were rapidly deteriorating, that the adventure was regarded by the rulers of Japan. Those men are jostling each other still and a considerable amount of

more closely now, unemployment exists. Normal emigration will not absorb all the surplus. It is not impossible that the ominous word translated as "co-prosperity" will be heard again in our time. The world may solve the problem of over-population, but it will have to face some dangerous days before it does so.

Yet there are worse perils in the world to-day, and more immediate. These do not suffice to justify the holding up of a proper and inevitable process. If the spirit of generosity is found to have run wild in the draft, that can in some degree be corrected, but what would be the point of irritating restrictions? If Japan remained too weak to cause anxiety they would not be needed; if she became strong enough to cause anxiety she would disregard them. Can anyone, after watching the Persian business now in progress, see, let us say, Mr. Morrison announcing that force would be used to keep them alive? Precaution number one must lie in the coming treaty between the United States, Australia and New Zealand. Precaution number two lies in the importance to the United States of a secure position in the Pacific. It will, however, be of great interest to see how and in what spirit the people of Japan again face the outside world. Here we have little to guide us.

# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FIVE years ago I found myself making a close study of house agents' advertisements. Stevenage, where I had lived and worked for close on forty years, suddenly had satellite status thrust upon it. Some of that pleasant town changed its name, overnight, on railway station and A.A. name-boards, to Silkingrad. It was of no avail. Hordes of locusts with measuring chains and theodolites arrived in ever-increasing numbers, and plans were planned and re-planned with ever-increasing frequency. For satellite purposes the district was to be acquired at 1939 valuation. Housing for an eventual 50,000—or was it 60,000?—inhabitants was to be built and the sewage therefrom, processed and "purified," of course, was to flow down the Rivers Bean and Lea to supplement the water supply of those who remained in London. Jolly!

I cut my somewhat bitter losses and started my study of house-agents' advertisements. I soon learnt what to avoid without investigation. A house, for instance, with eight bedrooms, walled kitchen garden and extensive stabling at £4350 would almost certainly be bounded on the north by a workhouse, on the south by a lunatic asylum, on the east by a sewage farm, and on the west by a glue factory. But what struck me particularly was that the agents, though house-minded, were almost never garden-minded. They would enumerate the number of rooms, h. and c., Co.'s electricity and water, usual offices and "lounge"—oh, that lounge!—but seldom anything enlightening about the garden, unless perhaps "small rock garden," which as often as not meant clinkers and "Snow in Summer." A gigantic and prolific walnut-tree, or the finest "Blenheim Orange" in the county would be ignored. No mention would be made of a soil which grew gentians of every sort like rampant weeds, or of beds that produced asparagus of embarrassing magnitude. When it came to smaller houses, nearer the week-end status, it was usually a case of "many original features," meaning presumably that the cottage had not been quite utterly restored, or "a wealth of oak beams," indicating, if the truth were realised, a wealth of cracked skulls—and blasphemy.

In these days, when even those who don't like gardening do at any rate appreciate a nice, flowery garden, house-agents would surely find it good business to mention such items as "Banksia rose, wistaria and *Magnolia grandiflora* to the eaves" in the case of Georgian mansions; or, with old-world cottages, "jasmine and roses peeping in at the dormer windows," or "honeysuckle over the porch." Which brings me to my point—honeysuckle. Incidentally, a house porch or the warm wall of a house are the worst possible places for growing honeysuckle, for there the flower-buds and the growing shoot tips become infested with foul broods of black-fly aphids far more readily than when the plant is flinging itself over a pillar, post or tree-trunk, or some living shrub or tree host. Even there the plague is often bad enough. The remedy in any case is to spray with nicotine and soft soap.

Only three honeysuckles are flowering in my garden this year. I was recently given a plant each of the Early Dutch and the Late Dutch, but these

## HONEYSUCKLES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

are as yet too young to flower. The first to open was one which I raised from scarlet berries harvested some years ago in a friend's garden. It is, I think, the native *Lonicera periclymenum*, or perhaps a variety of it. The flowers open a light creamy yellow, and then fade to a rather darker tone, and it is intensely fragrant, especially in the evening, when it scents the air for many yards around. A week or so later

came *Lonicera tellmanniana*, which is flowering here for the first time. It is a hybrid, *L. tragophylla* x *semperfervens*, and a truly magnificent climber, with large, very large, clusters of flowers of a fine rich orange-gold,

Unfortunately, it is scentless, and for this omission many folk scorn it and even refuse to grow it. If all flowers which have fragrant relations but are themselves scentless were banished from our gardens, the latter would be deprived of much beauty. There is, I seem to remember, a fragrant species of delphinium. Let us be grateful for such fragrant flowers as there are, and let us be still more grateful that all flowers are not scented. If they were, the world would become intolerable. I first saw *Lonicera tellmanniana* in a famous Cotswold garden. It had climbed a terrace wall from the bed below, and was lolling at ease on the stone balustrade above, where from a distance it looked like some particularly handsome orange azalea.

The last honeysuckle to come into flower here was a hybrid of many names. A shrub catalogue in which I put great faith gives it as *Lonicera americana (italica) (grata) (caprifolia x etrusca)*. Hitherto I have always known it as *L. grata*. Whatever name it eventually settles down to, it is a grand thing, with a flowering season lasting from June or July till September. The clusters of flowers which are superficially very like those of our native wild honeysuckle—soft pinkish-red outside and creamy yellow washed with pink within—are deliciously fragrant. The plant has not the twining, snaky habit of the other climbing honeysuckles, but throws up tall, stout shoots which are more or less self-supporting, and which later branch and flower profusely. My own specimen is planted against a 4-ft. post-and-rails fence, on which grow roses and clematis, etc., but it has shot up to twice the height of the fence, and is assuming a charmingly untidy bush habit.

Too few people seem to realise that honeysuckle can be grown as a standard bush. In fact, only once have I seen it grown in that way. I knew a pair of low, bushy standards growing in a lawn in a small garden. Each was tied to a supporting stake.

They had clear trunks about 2 ft. high, and then branched out into bushes standing a shade under 4 ft. In flower they were a very fine sight, and after flowering they were carefully pruned to keep them shapely and within bounds. Such standard honeysuckles would be very easy to make, and without doubt the variety *americana (grata)* would be excellent, with its naturally semi-rigid and bushy habit of growth.

Three years ago I struck cuttings of *Lonicera americana*, and have since grown one of them as a miniature standard bush in a small, bowl-shaped pot. The pot is only 4 ins. in diameter. The plant stands 18 ins. high, with a clear 6-in. stem, and at its widest is a foot through. It is in flower at the present moment, with seven heads of fragrant blossom. After flowering, I shall prune it back, and transplant into a slightly larger pot. It spends its time, when not in flower, in the house, standing on an open sand-bed among other small shrubs in pots, and to prevent too rapid evaporation I bury it to the rim in a pan of sand.



ONE OF THE MANY OF THE CLAN HONEYSUCKLE: *LONICERA TRAGO PHYLLA*, ONE OF THE PARENTS OF THE ORANGE-FLOWERED *L. TELLMANNIANA* TO WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REFERS IN HIS ARTICLE.



HONEYSUCKLES VARY ALMOST AS MUCH AS DOGS—FROM THE UBIQUITOUS HEDGING PLANT, *L. NITIDA*, TO THE WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS TO THE FAMILIAR TWINGER OF THE HEDGEROWS: HERE ARE THE UNUSUAL FLOWERS OF *L. CILIOSA*. [Photographs by D. F. Merrett.]

THE ROYAL PAVILION IN REGENCY GLORY:  
BRIGHTON'S SPECIAL FESTIVAL DISPLAY

(ABOVE.) ARRANGED TO LOOK AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE AS IT DID IN 1820: THE GREAT MUSIC ROOM, THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON, WITH THE CELEBRATED CIRCULAR CARPET.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, has, in honour of Britain's Festival Year, been restored to its original splendour, and the days of the First Gentleman in Europe are recalled by the authentic Regency furniture and other objects lent by the King and Queen, other members of the Royal family and private collectors. The Banqueting Room reproduces the scene as set for George IV.'s banquet of twenty-four in 1824. The silver-gilt dessert service displayed was made by Paul Storr for the first Earl of Harewood between 1807-16, and has been lent by the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. The Great Kitchen is furnished with the *batterie de cuisine* formerly used at Apsley House in the kitchens of the Duke of Wellington, and now the property of the London Museum. But perhaps the most important exhibit is the Fish furniture lent by the Admiralty. It was presented to Greenwich Hospital by the widow of Mr. John Fish, and is considered the finest Regency furniture in existence.



WITH FURNITURE AND FITTINGS ARRANGED AS THEY WERE IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE IV: THE KING'S ROOM, IN THE ROYAL PAVILION, WHICH WAS ALSO HIS LIBRARY.



FURNISHED FOR THE REGENCY FESTIVAL WITH THE ADMIRALTY'S FISH FURNITURE, MADE BY WILLIAM COLLINS AND PRESENTED IN 1813 TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL BY THE WIDOW OF MR. JOHN FISH IN MEMORY OF NELSON: THE SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ROYAL PAVILION.



CONTAINING THE BATTERIE DE CUISINE FORMERLY USED IN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S KITCHENS AT APSLEY HOUSE: THE PRINCE REGENT'S KITCHEN.



ARRANGED FOR GEORGE IV.'S BANQUET OF TWENTY-FOUR IN 1824, AS SHOWN IN NASH'S "VIEWS OF THE ROYAL PAVILION"; THE GREAT BANQUETING HALL.



THERE were hundreds and, for all I know, many thousands of newly-planted antirrhinums on the broad expanse in front of the house, and we looked at them with snug, self-protective satisfaction; they were well enough, but, at this stage of their flowerless growth, half the size of our own three or four dozen at home. It was pleasant to discover that all the resources of municipal gardening on the grand scale

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE CHIPPENDALE LEGEND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

mahogany veneered with satinwood, rosewood borders, and inlaid with various woods. This is how the piece is described in the account book:

"A large antique commode very curiously inlaid with various fine woods. With folding doors and drawers within and very rich chas'd brass ornaments complete £40." Even a good photograph—and this is very good, showing the beautiful detail with clarity—can falsify colour values. The actual piece is considerably darker than would appear from this, and has acquired in the course of 180 years a warmth of tone which is beyond compare. Presumably the word "antique" refers to the characteristic Adam urns, *pateræ*, etc., and not to the shape, which was

there he is mainly concerned with carved mahogany and gilding and japanning. In the last ten years or so of his successful career, he is working in inlay—in other words, he followed the fashions of his time like the shrewd man of business he undoubtedly was. This is a convenient generalisation, and not to be taken too literally—the two styles overlap.

Look closely at Fig. 2, with its richly carved splat, one of a set from Nostell. Most of us would be inclined to place it rather earlier than 1770, but this is the period when he was making a great deal of furniture for the Winn family, and there seems to be little doubt that this chair and its fellows were part of the order. I have chosen it deliberately, because though the back is so finely carved, the legs and stretchers are simplicity itself—nor is the contrast between the upper and lower part in the least unbecoming. But note one characteristic refinement—the little scroll bracket joining seat and leg (the one on the other side is missing)—a small point, I know, but if you miss these unobtrusive delicacies you miss half the fun. By the way, the next time you see such a bracket and are tempted to dip your hand into your pocket, make sure that some enterprising business man has not put it there himself—the world is full of benevolent characters anxious to give you pleasure, in exchange for your signature on a cheque. You have been warned.

The exhibition differed from the majority of its kind in this respect. The 134 items were scattered about in half-a-dozen rooms of this enormous house and fell harmoniously into place with the other pieces of furniture in the Temple Newsam collection, and with pictures and porcelain. The effect was informal and very pleasant indeed, but then, of course, not many buildings devoted to the arts possess so vast an acreage of floor space. I presume the gallery Director considered the possibility of concentrating the show in one or two rooms, which would have made things easy for the more fanatic collector, but would have destroyed the character of the building as a whole. As it was, I think the method adopted was beautifully calculated, not merely to pay honour to Chippendale, but to help us to see just what part he played in the development of the eighteenth-century tradition. A brief introduction to the catalogue is from the pen of the late Miss Margaret Jourdain. This must be one of the last notes written by that distinguished and learned lady. She was very actively concerned in the arrangements for the show, and her death is a great loss to research.



FIG. 1. MAHOGANY VENEERED WITH SATINWOOD: A SERPENTINE-FRONT COMMODE FROM NOSTELL PRIORY. This fine piece was lent to the Chippendale Exhibition at Temple Newsam House by the late Lord St. Oswald's executors. In Chippendale's account book, also lent from the same source, it is described as "A large antique commode very curiously inlaid with various fine woods. With folding doors and drawers within and very rich chas'd brass ornaments complete £40."

could not compete with the robust nurslings of very private Enterprise. This put us in good heart for what we knew was coming to us—the certainty that we were about to see pieces of furniture to which we could provide no adequate comparison from our own resources.

And lo! it was so. We entered Temple Newsam House, near Leeds, and strolled round the Chippendale Exhibition, which is (or rather was, for it closed on July 15) a fitting tribute by Yorkshire to a notable Yorkshireman, and the fact that some of the exhibits, whether indubitably from his own workshop or in his characteristic style, are far removed from my own taste merely emphasises the truth that our ancestors did not always see with the eyes of some of their descendants.

At one time of day pretty well anything in mahogany which bore some sort of resemblance to the designs of the famous book "The Director," the first edition of which was published in 1754, was called "Chippendale." This convenient doctrine held the field for many years until modern research proved what was already suspected—that Chippendale was not the original genius of his generation, but a first-class cabinet-maker, as good as half-a-dozen others, but with a greater gift for publicity. He got in first with his book, and by that means overshadowed his contemporaries, but by no means all that came from his place in St. Martin's Lane was from his own designs.

Some will feel that the finest Chippendale is not "Chippendale" at all, but work carried out by him to the designs of Robert Adam. There were some famous pieces lent by H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood in this Adam style, and several from Nostell Priory lent by the late Lord St. Oswald's executors, together with Chippendale's account book for work carried out from June 21, 1766, to December 22, 1770. (The writing is that of his son Thomas.) Fig. 1, here, is a serpentine-front commode—

fashionable enough on both sides of the English Channel. The price of £40 seems modest until one remembers that at this time a man could cut a very considerable dash in the world on £200 a year, and that young James Boswell found comfortable rooms in 1762 at the fashionable end of town for £22 with service, but paying for his own coal and candles.

I am inclined to hazard a guess that £40 in 1770 would equal £400 to-day, and I wonder whether a first-class modern cabinet-maker could produce such a piece as this for that sum. I would welcome enlightenment from anyone who may possess exact knowledge about these high matters. I presuppose that the gilt brass (ormolu) is hand wrought, the wood well seasoned and of the finest quality, and that the maker will possess the skill of whoever it was in Thomas Chippendale's employment who actually made this magnificent piece, which, like so many others from that famous workshop, has set a standard for succeeding generations. So much for the style with which Chippendale identified himself towards the end of his life.

Now for the type of work which everyone will immediately recognise as attached to his name, not that such pieces necessarily came from his hand, but because they are close enough to the basic designs in "The Director." First, a few meagre dates, and they are very few. He was born in 1718 at Otley (which is not far from Nostell and Harewood House) and died in 1779. Nothing appears to be known about his activities between 1740 and 1754, and the few documents which have been preserved all come from after the publication of "The Director."



FIG. 2. ONE OF A SET FROM NOSTELL PRIORY, LENT TO TEMPLE NEWSAM FOR THE CHIPPENDALE EXHIBITION: A MAHOGANY CHAIR ATTRIBUTED TO CHIPPENDALE, c. 1770.

Frank Davis, who discusses the Chippendale Exhibition held recently at Temple Newsam, Leeds, in the article on this page, chose this chair for illustration "because though the back is so finely carved, the legs and stretchers are simplicity itself—nor is the contrast between the upper and lower part the least unbecoming."

## TREASURES FROM WELSH HOUSES: A FESTIVAL EXHIBITION IN WALES.



"PORTRAIT OF JOHN WALKER OF PURBROOK PARK"; BY JOHN FERNELEY (1782-1860). SIGNED "J. FERNELEY, MELTON MOWBRAY, 1818."

(Lent by Miss Serena Boothby, Fonmon Castle.) (43 by 55 ins.)



"VIEW OF CHIRK CASTLE"; BY PETER TILLEMANS (1684-1734). ONE OF A SET OF THREE. SIGNED "P. TILLEMANS."

(Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Ririd Myddelton, Chirk Castle. (34½ by 53 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF CHARLES JENNENS (1700-1773)"; BY THOMAS HUDSON (1701-1779). THE SITTER WROTE THE WORDS FOR HANDEL'S ORATORIOS. SIGNED "THOMAS HUDSON PINXIT 1747."

(Lent by Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Wynne-Finch, Voelas.) (49 by 39 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF SIR EVERARD DIGBY (1581-1606)"; BY OTHO VENIUS (1556-1629). THE SITTER WAS EXECUTED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

(Lent by Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Wynne-Finch, Voelas.) (81 by 42 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF NAPLES. OB. 1814"; BY ELIZABETH LOUISE VIGÉE LE BRUN (1755-1842). PAINTED AT NAPLES, 1790.

(Lent by Major Sir Arundell Neave, Bt., Llysduelas.) (53 by 38½ ins.)



"A VIEW IN VENICE"; BY GIOVANNI ANTONIO CANALETTO (1697-1768). PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE 1750'S, THE VIEW IS A FANCY ONE.

(Lent by Major Sir Arundell Neave, Bt., Llysduelas.) (34 by 53 ins.)



"PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE NEAVE FAMILY"; BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841). SIR THOMAS NEAVE, SECOND BT., F.R.S., AND FAMILY.

(Lent by Major Sir Arundell Neave, Bt., Llysduelas.) (18½ by 25 ins.)

A Loan Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings from Welsh private collections has been arranged by the National Museum of Wales and the Arts Council to mark the Festival of Britain. It has been shown at the National Museum, Cardiff, throughout June and July and is due for exhibition in Swansea at the Glynn Vivian Art Gallery in August. Mr. John Steegman, Keeper, Department of Art, National Museum of Wales, points out in the foreword to the catalogue that the exhibition is designed to show something of the variety as well as the wealth of art that is to be found in the country houses of the Principality.

The painting of Chirk Castle by Tillemans (born in Antwerp, settled in this country in 1708) shows the north front with, before the entrance, the wrought-iron gates put up in 1719. Chirk, seat of the Myddelton family since 1595, was built in 1310 and has been continuously inhabited ever since. Sir Everard Digby, painted by Venius, principal painter to the Archduke Albert in Brussels, became a Roman Catholic in 1599, and took part in the Gunpowder Plot. He was the father of Sir Kenelm Digby. Charles Jennens, painted by Hudson, was called "Soleymen the Magnificent." He was Handel's librettist.

# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE RISE AND FALL OF ANIMAL POPULATIONS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

"IT is an impressive picture of insurgent subterranean activity, of devastation breaking like a flood upon the crops. All man's vigilance and care are taxed by the multitude of small, swift, flitting forms that infest the ground and devour all living plants. Poison, ploughing, fumigation, trenches and prayers, all these can scarcely stop the destruction." This could be the opening paragraph to some bizarre thriller. It is, however, the second paragraph in Charles Elton's book "Voles, Mice and Lemmings," and refers to Gérard's essay in which he describes Alsace in the grip of a plague of mice. I was moved to a re-examination of the book by the news that earlier this year there were signs in Northern Canada that the hares were more numerous than usual, foretelling possibly a good "hare-year."

Elton's weighty volume—weighty in its subject-matter as in actual avoirdupois—was an attempt to collate what was known of the rise and fall of animal populations up to 1939. It is more an examination of evidence than an occasion for drawing conclusions, for then, as now, the causes of both the phenomenal increases in animal populations and their sudden fall—the "crash" following a peak—are largely unknown. In spite of this, the subject is still a fascinating one that has attracted attention, probably since the dawn of civilisation, certainly over the last thousand years. The news from Northern Canada gives the subject a topical interest, though it must be confessed that at all times, somewhere or other in the world, it is news. Either it is a plague of green-fly, or of cabbage-white butterflies at home, or of locusts or some other pest abroad. Even if we restrict attention to voles, mice and lemmings the same is true, for at some place or other at any given moment there is almost bound to be an unusual increase, either on a local or regional scale, of one or other of these rodents. Or else an increase in rats, rabbits or hares occupies the centre of the picture. The problem of the people of Hamelin is an eternal one, and the pied piper is always to hand when things are at their worst, though he usually arrives in the modern guise of a virus or some other epidemic disease.

The classic example is, of course, furnished by the Norwegian lemmings. Their periodic, and phenomenal, migrations furnish what is probably the most familiar and spectacular story in the realm of zoology. At intervals, varying from five to twenty years, they increase enormously in numbers, thus setting up a pressure of population which starts a mass movement outwards from their natural territory. From the mountains they spread into the valleys. There the abundant vegetation, on the cultivated land especially, provides a stimulus to a further increase in the breeding rate of an already prolific animal. The more they feed, the more they breed, and the more they spread, in spite of the heavy toll taken by predators, hawks and owls, and land carnivores, which converge from surrounding territories to feast on this abundance. To continue the story to its familiar ending, as the migrations outwards continue, the lemmings swarm across rivers, lakes and all other obstructions until they reach the fiords. Whatever may be the original cause of the increase in their populations, whatever the stimulus that initiates the migrations, they seem now to have reached the point where their own impetus carries them into the sea.

The importance of the lemming story lies in this, that it calls attention in a vivid manner to a universal

phenomenon, that there is no such thing as a static population. All animals are constantly increasing or decreasing in numbers. An increase may be due to a vigour inherent in the stock, or in the species as a whole, or to an abundance of food, or to favourable climatic conditions: or to a combination of all three.

There may be other, more subtle factors, beyond the scope of our vision at present. In small animals more particularly, the voles, mice and lemmings, distinct cycles in these fluctuations in numbers are noticeable. Favourable conditions, such as abundant food, lead to more and larger litters and a higher survival of the young, which in turn reach maturity and help to increase the already swelling ranks. In every species there is a constant attrition from the ordinary hazards of living, and the results of this are greater in many cases than the inroads made by predators. But for this constant attrition, from a wide variety of causes, almost every species would be capable of incredible increase, except for one thing—that when a certain saturation figure for a population is reached there takes place either a suicidal migration, as in lemmings, or, more commonly, an outbreak of epidemic disease. We may be only beginning to understand the causes of these epidemics, but at least we know enough to see that they are precisely correlated with population increases beyond an optimum.

Given a reduction over a period of years in those accidents, the normal hazards of living, and couple this with a high rate of reproduction, and it is easy to see how the populations can build up. Then, given the outbreak of epidemic disease when the populations have been built up, and it is easy to see how the sudden reduction, the "crash," can take place. But this oversimplifies the problem. It merely suggests how a cycle takes place. It does not tell us why one cycle should succeed another. In that connection, there is some

evidence that reduction below the normal of itself provides a stimulus to a quickened rate of breeding. This would be sufficient to ensure the onset of the next cycle. We have a long way to go, however, before a really satisfactory understanding of the problem is reached, or before we know why increases of numbers occur in one area, while, in the same species, decreases are taking place in other areas.

The fact is that little attention was paid to this problem by zoologists until Charles Elton, and others with him, saw in it a fruitful source of study. Paradoxically, it was the practical man who first started keeping records. And this brings us back directly to the hares of Northern Canada. The fur traders soon became aware of the fact that an abundance of hares, or voles or lemmings, was followed by an abundance of foxes, martens, lynxes, and other valuable fur-bearing carnivores. With them, as with the smaller animals they feed on, the abundance of food induced bigger litters, more frequent litters, and a greater survival rate for the young. So the fur companies early started to keep records, crude perhaps as compared with the precise statistical records beloved of the zoologist, but invaluable to-day to those very zoologists, not least because they give information over a long period of years.

The study of animal populations is by no means of academic interest only; and it has a practical value to more people than those engaged in the fur trade. A plague of foxes to the trapper in Northern Canada is a blessing; a plague of voles, mice or rats is a menace to the farmer. If either can be anticipated, it is to everyone's advantage. The trapper can take greater advantage of the blessing, the farmer take steps to ward off the menace. For either to take place, we need to know much more about the frequency of the cycles, and how to recognise the signs that a population of a given species in a given area is building up to a peak.



AN ARCTIC FOX IN ITS NATIVE HOME: HARES ARE ONE OF ITS CHIEF FOODS, AND AN ABUNDANCE OF HARES LEADS TO AN ABUNDANCE OF FOXES, WITH CONSEQUENT EFFECTS ON THE FUR TRADE.

The causes of the cycles of abundance and scarcity in the smaller mammals are not fully understood, but to the trapper and fur trader it has long been apparent that they influence the abundance and scarcity of the valuable fur-bearing animals that feed on them; and fur traders' records are of great value to the zoologist.



AN ARCTIC HARE OF THE KIND WHOSE FLUCTUATIONS IN NUMBERS INFLUENCE THE FORTUNES OF THE FUR TRADE.

Hares are prone to fluctuations in numbers, in cycles of five to six years. During such a cycle there is a steady build-up of numbers to abnormal proportions, followed by a "crash," when predators and disease reduce them to a scarcity.

### AN IDBAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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MR. HARRIMAN'S MISSION TO PERSIA,  
AND TEHERAN RIOTS IN WHICH 20 DIED.



MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE (LEFT), PHOTOGRAPHED DURING ONE OF HIS MANY INTERVIEWS WITH DR. MOUSSADEK AT TEHERAN.



DURING HIS VISIT TO THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT: MR. HARRIMAN (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH THE SPEAKER (WEARING A DARK STRIPED SUIT, BESIDE THE CENTRE CHAIR).



DURING ONE OF HIS DISCUSSIONS WITH THE SHAH OF PERSIA (RIGHT): MR. HARRIMAN (LEFT) WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO PERSIA, DR. GRADY (CENTRE).

On July 15 Mr. Harriman, President Truman's personal representative, arrived in Teheran by air and was met by the Persian Foreign Minister, the U.S. and British Ambassadors and a number of high officials. On the evening of the same day, rioting broke out in the streets of Teheran. A Communist-inspired demonstration took place and speeches were made against America, Britain, Mr. Harriman, The Hague Court, imperialism and other subjects. The demonstration clashed with the Nationalists outside the Majlis, and fighting broke out. The police intervened,



DURING THE TEHERAN RIOTS WHICH COINCIDED WITH MR. HARRIMAN'S ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL: POLICE INTERVENING AMONG THE FIGHTING RIOTERS.



SOME OF THE PERSIAN GIRLS WHO MARCHED AT THE HEAD OF THE COMMUNIST-INSPIRED PROCESSION WHICH LATER CLASHED WITH EXTREME NATIONALISTS, WITH FATAL RESULTS.

firing over the crowds and using tear-gas. Troops, tanks and armoured-cars later entered the streets. Many people were injured and some killed, the number being first stated to be four, but later believed to be nearer twenty. Martial law was imposed (with an apology) by Dr. Moussadek and the Teheran Chief of Police dismissed. A fantastic attempt to pin the responsibility for the riots on the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was the subject of a British protest. At the date of writing, there was no official result of Mr. Harriman's talks.

## SPANISH-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, PETROL-DRIVEN GONDOLAS, AND SOME ENGLISH ITEMS.



IN U.S. SPANISH DEFENCE DISCUSSIONS : ADMIRAL SHERMAN, NAVAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF (UNTIL HIS DEATH ON JULY 22), MEETING GENERAL FRANCO (RIGHT).



U.S.-SPANISH DISCUSSIONS IN MADRID : GENERAL FRANCO (LEFT) TALKING WITH SENATOR T. F. GREEN (RIGHT). (CENTRE.) THE MARQUIS DEL PRAT, ACTING AS INTERPRETER. Following the visit to Spain of eight U.S. senators of the U.S. Foreign Affairs Committee, Admiral Sherman (whose death on July 22 is reported elsewhere) visited Madrid on July 16, and was received immediately by General Franco, and had a meeting with Spanish naval chiefs. Mr. Acheson said on July 18 that the U.S. Spanish talks were only "exploratory" and on July 19 Mr. Truman said that the extent of the changes in U.S.-Spanish policy had not yet been decided.



THE GONDOLA WITHOUT A GONDOLIER : A POWER-DRIVEN GONDOLA MOVING PAST THE PIAZZETTA AT VENICE—A DEVELOPMENT EVERY VISITOR WILL REGRET.

Perhaps the chief charm of Venice, both for those who know it and those who dream of it, was the absence—or relative absence—of the sound, smell and dangers of the petrol motor. There were, of course, motor-boats and water-buses; but the dominant traffic was the swift gondola, cared by the deft gondolier.



WHERE THE POWER-DRIVEN GONDOLA CARRIES ITS PETROL-MOTOR : A VIEW OF ONE OF THE TRADITIONAL CRAFT, WITH THE EQUIPMENT WHICH WILL DESTROY ITS CHARACTER.



SEEN FROM THE AIR, A NATURE RESERVE IN NORFOLK, NEAR WRETHAM—WHICH THE WAR OFFICE PROPOSES TO ABSORB IN A BATTLE-TRAINING AREA.

In the foreground of this picture can be seen Army vehicles; further back lies part of a nature reserve owned by the Norfolk Naturalists' Trust, which the War Office have proposed to incorporate in a battle-training area. Appeals against this proposal have been made to the Government.



THE FIRST SPECIALLY-BUILT POST-WAR HOME FOR OLD PEOPLE : PLUMSTEAD LODGE, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF HEALTH ON JULY 20.

On July 20 Mr. Marquand, the Minister of Health, opened at Plumstead a home for ninety-two aged persons, and five resident officers. The home was projected in 1937, but was held up by the war and has now been built in accordance with the National Assistance Act of 1948.



THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: LIEUT. G. S. BOA, 48TH HIGHLANDERS, CANADA, CHAIRED AFTER HIS VICTORY BY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND COMPETITORS.

The King's Prize was won on July 21 in the National Rifle Association's programme at Bisley by Lieut. G. S. Boa, 48th Highlanders, Canada, with the score of 285. He had reached the final stage with a score of 142 carried forward from the second stage, as did J. E. Riden, of the City Rifle Club, who was second with a score of 282. Our photograph shows Lieut. G. S. Boa being chaired after his victory.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



**SIR HUBERT HOULDWORTH, K.C.**  
Sir Hubert Houldsworth is the newly-appointed Chairman of a reconstituted National Coal Board, in succession to Lord Hyndley, who is retiring on July 31. Sir Hubert, aged sixty-two, has been Chairman of the East Midlands Division of the Coal Board since 1946. He was Regional Controller in South and West Yorkshire for the Ministry of Fuel and Power, 1942-44, and Controller-General in the Ministry, 1944-45.



THE POWERFUL U.S. TEAM OF WOMEN GOLF "PROS" VISITING ENGLAND: THE MISSES B. BUSH, P. KIRK, B. JAMESON, MRS. ZAHARIAS, AND THE MISSES P. BERG AND B. RAWLS.

The American team of Women Professionals beat General Critchley's team, which contains two Walker Cup players, by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in a match played at Wentworth on level terms, and from the men's tees on July 15. On July 14 they completely routed Mrs. Critchley's International Women's Team at Sunningdale, winning the singles 6-0, and the match 9-0.



DIED AT THE VILLA LUCO, ÎLE D'YEU, ON JULY 23, AGED NINETY-FIVE: MARSHAL PÉTAIN.

One of the heroes of the 1914-18 war and in charge of operations before Verdun in 1916, Marshal Pétain was head of the French State when France fell, agreed to the surrender and became head of the Vichy Government. In 1945 he was tried for high treason and betrayal of France, and condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He was taken ill in April, and a month ago was moved to a military hospital, where he died.



DIED SUDDENLY IN NAPLES ON JULY 22: ADMIRAL FORREST P. SHERMAN, U.S. CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS.

Died of a heart attack on July 22, aged fifty-four. The youngest Chief of Naval Staff in American history, Admiral Sherman served with distinction in World War II, and in 1947 was appointed Commander of the U.S. Mediterranean Fleet. He had been engaged in negotiations in Japan, then with General Franco (on the possible use of bases in Spain by U.S. forces), and on July 20 had discussions in London. He went to Naples for talks with Admiral Carney, Commander Allied Forces in Southern Europe. [Portrait by Karsh.]



CARICATURED AS "LITTLE WILLIE": THE EX-CROWN

PRINCE OF GERMANY, WHO DIED ON JULY 20. The ex-Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, eldest son of the late Kaiser William II., died at Hechingen, in the French Zone, Southern Germany, on July 20, aged sixty-nine. During the 1914-18 war he was continuously caricatured as "Little Willie," but he was a thoughtful and occasionally far-seeing army leader. He fled to Holland in 1918, but later returned to Germany. He became a member of the Nazi motor corps.



MR. GLADSTONE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY FROM 1880-85: SIR GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER, WHO DIED ON JULY 18. Died in London on July 18, aged ninety-three, Sir George Leveson-Gower was one of the few remaining official links with Mr. Gladstone, whose Private Secretary he was from 1880-85. He was elected Liberal Member for North-West Staffordshire in 1885, and in 1892 became Comptroller of the Household and a Church Estates Commissioner. In 1908-24 he was Commissioner of Woods and Forests.



CONGRATULATED ON HIS 100TH CENTURY BY N. W. D. YARDLEY, THE YORKSHIRE CAPTAIN: LEN HUTTON (L.), THE FAMOUS BATSMAN. Hutton, the England and Yorkshire batsman, scored his 100th century at Kennington Oval on July 16 on the ground where, in 1938, he made the record Test Match score of 364 against Australia. He reached three figures with a cover-drive for 4 off Wart, the Cambridge Blue. Hutton, who was only eighteen when he hit his first 100—196 for Yorkshire in 1934—is the thirteenth cricketer to score 100 centuries.



THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE IN TEHERAN: MR. RICHARD SEDDON. On July 19 a Persian policeman called on Mr. Seddon, Chief representative in Teheran of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, and took away his residence permit, without giving any reason, this being normally the prelude to expulsion from the country. The Persian Foreign Minister denied knowledge of the incident when the British Embassy protested, but on July 22 Mr. Seddon's permit was returned.

# The World of the Cinema.

## IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO.

By ALAN DENT.

IT does not by any means follow that Mr. Paul Rotha can make a good film because he knows everything there is to be known about the medium, its technique and its history. An old acquaintance of mine has the reputation among golfers of being the greatest living authority on the game of games. He is a scientist in the craft of the pastime. He understands the *physics* of a swing with a driver far better than any mere championship player. He is well versed in what exactly happens when a player hits—or even misses—a golf-ball with a golf-club. His talk is all of stresses, and leverage, and the fulcrum—whatever the fulcrum may be.

But the irony is that this expert theorist has never been able to achieve a round of golf in anything under 85 or so. He blames Nature—a twisted knee making itself felt at quite the wrong moment, or some untimely gust of wind or incalculable zephyr. And nowadays he does not even pretend to illustrate his brilliant knowledge on the course itself. He merely talks and writes letters. He is my favourite example of the expert who has never been able to practise what he so impressively preaches.

Let me hasten to say that Mr. Rotha is not this kind of expert, though I must confess that I went to his first feature film as distinct from documentary—"No Resting Place"—envisioning the possibility that he might be! Mr. Rotha has, in fact, achieved a beautiful little film whose only fault is that it tends to lumber on where it ought to come to an end.

Its theme is enmity—that existing between a Civic Guard called Mannigan and a wandering tinker called Alec Kyle. This begins with the death of a gamekeeper, whose body is found after Kyle has, more or less accidentally, killed him when hurling a flint in retaliation for a shot which has injured his young son. Mannigan has his suspicions, but both Kyle and his two vagrant brothers abide by the story they have concocted. We are—be it noted—in Eire, and in County Wicklow at that. And there is something Synge-like in the doggedness with which these rascals say: "I disremember!" whenever the police—or, rather, the Civic Guard, since we are in Eire—try to cajole or trick them into departing from their fixed story into the neighbourhood of the truth.

Mannigan's determination to secure the suspected culprit is intensified when he is knocked down by Kyle in an alehouse brawl. The latter is imprisoned for the assault, but the gamekeeper's murder has become an obsession with Mannigan, who pursues his guilty prey like a vengeance, hounds him out of the derelict cottage where he has been living with his wife and son, and finally secures him when he is momentarily off his guard. This little film is notably well acted, especially by Michael Gough as the pursued and Noel Purcell as the pursuer. But it is a major distinction of this film that both of these acting performances

have been almost perfectly assimilated into its seeming "documentary" texture. Mr. Rotha has not worked solely in documentary all these years to no purpose. Now that he turns at last to fiction, he gives it an air of truth—



PAUSING TO SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR: TAM (BRIAN O'HIGGINS), BILLY (JACK MCGOWRAN) AND ALEC (MICHAEL GOUGH), IN "NO RESTING PLACE," ON THEIR WAY TO BURY THE GAMEKEEPER'S BODY, WHICH IS IN THE CART. "No Resting Place," at the Rialto, is based on the novel of the same name by Ian Niall. The "shots are pictorially breath-taking. Over and over again we receive the very flavour of that magical countryside where the lonely loughs are the greenest of things deep green, and the grass is brighter far than any emerald."

an air that would be complete if he did not lag so towards the end and give us pause, here and there, to realise that this, after all, is just a "story" and not a documentary about life among the itinerant farm-workers around the Sugar-Loaf Mountain in the heart of County Wicklow.

The shots are often pictorially breath-taking. Over and over again we receive the very flavour of that magical countryside where the lonely loughs are the greenest of things deep green, and the grass is brighter far than any emerald. The film happens for the most part out of doors, and Mr. Rotha knows how to make a virtue out of the weather even when it is at its worst. There is one sequence, for example, in which Kyle does no more than walk over to the Civic Guard, watchful with his bicycle, to ask him his purpose. There is a sudden violent rainstorm which might have made any ordinary film director suspend operations until it had passed. Not so Mr. Rotha. He maintains this little drama of human suspicion, and makes the rain accentuate it. The rattling showers rise on the blast—in Burns's observant phrase—and seem to point the story's purport in the subtlest way. In another sequence, the Civic Guard does no more than climb over a gate and cross a field to a point where the tinkers are gathering carrots. Each and all watch the dangerous investigator intently, while pretending to continue with his or her labour, and here the mood is heightened by the still and sultry weather that gives the landscape a kind of ominous tranquillity.

How such a film makes one wish that film-makers could be less studio-bound and—whenever their subjects allow—take their paraphernalia into the open country, just as Corot and his disciples around Barbizon rediscovered the advantages of painting *en plein air*! It makes every other film one sees

around the same time seem grossly artificial in its outdoor atmosphere. A film like "Hotel Sahara," for example, has obviously been shot nowhere nearer the Sahara Desert than Denham is. Fortunately this illusion—or lack of illusion—hardly matters in this case, since the film is merely a boisterous farce showing how an Arab in a fez (Peter Ustinov) and his lady-love in the flimsiest of trousers (Yvonne de Carlo) maintained a hotel more or less securely and triumphantly even though various armies of occupation occupied it in turn. Arab expediency ran up the appropriate flag or nailed up the courageously smiling portrait of the appropriate war-leader in the nick of next to no time in every case.

In spite of its studio sands there are two good reasons for welcoming "Hotel Sahara." One is that it is continuously light and gay and amusing in its touch (Ken Annakin is the clever director here). The other is that Mr. Ustinov at long last emerges—after some heavy-handed gropings in the same direction in films which I have been too good-natured to deal with on this page, though I conscientiously sat through them—as an assured and *disciplined* character-comedian. I italicise the adjective because discipline is the one essential quality one despairs



IMPLACABLE ENMITY: MANNIGAN (NOEL PURCELL; HOLDING GLASS) AND ALEC KYLE (MICHAEL GOUGH; HATLESS, FACING CAMERA) IN "NO RESTING PLACE." The theme of "No Resting Place," a Colin Lesslie production directed by Paul Rotha, at the Rialto, is "enmity—that existing between a Civic Guard called Mannigan and a wandering tinker called Alec Kyle." It has been filmed entirely in Ireland, with an Irish cast.

of ever seeing in the work of this almost alarmingly exuberant actor, this incomparable but hitherto all-too-unremitting *raconteur*. But this new film's portrait of a calculating, sweet-oily and pusillanimous Arab is as trim and as neatly placed as the fez on the top of his wicked head. It is a performance to savour fully at the time and to chuckle unendingly over in retrospect. With this one sure and certain bound Mr. Ustinov at last becomes the apple—or, more appositely, the mango—of our eye.

A much more mature but much less versatile comedian, Monty Woolley, is to be seen in a new American comedy called "As Young As You Feel." This has the excellent basic idea of a humble printer who is dismissed from service because he is sixty-five. He carries out the wild notion of impersonating the high-and-mighty head of the printing trade—a person too lofty to be known by sight to any mere magnates—and in this guise makes an authoritative speech at a dinner recommending paid-off employees to be re-engaged since they alone are old enough to know their jobs thoroughly. Thus Mr. Woolley, with his blond beard, is re-engaged and happy at the end. It is a good farcical idea, though it is rather clumsily worked out, and the film is not very smoothly directed. But here at least we have hardly any outdoor scenes at all (excepting one or two in the street). It follows that we have hardly anywhere the cramping conviction that we are in a film-studio, the wide open spaces being almost as non-existent as the weather itself.



THE FORECOURT OF THE HOTEL TRANSFORMED INTO A GOAT MARKET, TO THE CONFUSION OF THE PROPRIETOR, ENAD (PETER USTINOV), AND YASMIN (YVONNE DE CARLO): A SCENE FROM "HOTEL SAHARA" AT THE ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE. "In spite of its studio sands," writes Alan Dent, "there are two good reasons for welcoming 'Hotel Sahara.' One is that it is continuously light and gay and amusing. . . . The other is that Mr. Ustinov at long last emerges . . . as an assured and *disciplined* character-comedian."

AVIATION, ANIMALS AND "THE ABBEY":  
FROM A DUBLIN TRAGEDY TO A FLYING DELTA.



BRITAIN'S LATEST FLYING DELTA-WING AIRCRAFT TO FLY: THE AVRO DELTA 707A, WHICH RECENTLY MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT AT BOSCOMBE DOWN, WILTS. It was announced on July 23 that the Avro Co.'s latest development of triangular-wing aircraft, the 707A, had made its maiden flight, but no performance details were issued. It is powered with a *Derwent* jet and has a wing-span of 34 ft. 2 ins. and a length of 42 ft. 9 ins.



THE FIRST BRITISH AIRSHIP TO BE BUILT SINCE THE R101 CRASH IN 1930.

THE BOURNEMOUTH MAKES HER MAIDEN FLIGHT, AT CARDINGTON, BEDS. This airship has been built by members of the Airship Club formed by Lord Ventry, with financial help from Bournemouth Corporation and the Air League of the British Empire. On her maiden flight on July 19 she carried a crew of four, but was reported to be "stern-heavy."



IN AN IMPROVISED "POUCH" OF TERRY TOWELLING WARMED WITH ELECTRICITY: A KANGAROO BABY, ONE OF TWINS, WHICH IS BEING HAND-REARED AT THE BRONX ZOO, NEW YORK. KANGAROO TWINS ARE RARE, AND IT IS SELDOM THAT BOTH SURVIVE.



WITH AN EXPRESSION OF PONDEROUS GENIALITY, COPENHAGEN ZOO'S HIPPOPOTAMUS TAKES HER MONTH-OLD YOUNGSTER FOR ITS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE. SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOHS, HIPPOS HAVE EVOKED AFFECTIONATE AMUSEMENT.



SALVAGING THE REMAINS OF IRELAND'S MOST FAMOUS THEATRE: FIREMEN AT WORK ON THE GUTTED STAGE OF THE ABBEY THEATRE, DUBLIN, BURNED DOWN ON JULY 18. The fame and the dramatic importance of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, as a nursery of dramatists, plays and actors have been out of all proportion to its size; and the news of the disastrous fire which gutted it on July 18 must have brought sadness to theatre-lovers in most parts of the civilised world. Theatre properties and costumes were destroyed, but the scripts and famous portraits were saved.



SOME OF THE SCRIPTS WHICH, TOGETHER WITH FAMOUS PORTRAITS, WERE SAVED IN THE DISASTROUS FIRE WHICH GUTTED DUBLIN'S FAMOUS ABBEY THEATRE.

VETERAN AIRCRAFT WHICH FLEW ONCE MORE  
IN THE ROYAL AERO CLUB'S JUBILEE SHOW.



A WORKING REPLICA OF LOUIS BLÉRIOT'S 1909 MONOPLANE IN WHICH THE FAMOUS FRENCH AVIATOR MADE THE FIRST FLIGHT OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



RECALLING THE DAYS WHEN AVIATION WAS A SPORT: A DEPERDUSSIN MONOPLANE OF 1911, WHICH MADE A BRIEF FLIGHT DURING THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION.



AN AIRCRAFT WHICH TOOK PART IN THE 1914-1918 WAR, STILL AIRWORTHY, AND IN FLIGHT IN JULY, 1951: A SOPWITH PUP BIPLANE AT THE HENDON EXHIBITION.



A U.S. SAILOR OF TO-DAY TAKES AN INTEREST IN AN AIRCRAFT WHICH WENT STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE SMALL BOYS OF THE 1914-18 ERA: A SOPWITH TRIPANE.



THIRTY-NINE YEARS OLD AND STILL "GOING STRONG": A BLACKBURN MONOPLANE OF 1912, WHICH FLEW AGAIN TO MARK THE ROYAL AERO CLUB'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.



A MORE-THAN-MAN-SIZED MODEL: MR. PETER HOLLAND FLYING HIS HUGE MODEL OF THE GIANT BÉBAZOU AT THE ROYAL AERO CLUB JUBILEE SHOW.



IN SHARP CONTRAST WITH SOME OF THE VETERANS OF THE AIR WHICH WERE EXHIBITED: A GERMAN V-2 ROCKET, EXHIBITED ON ITS ORIGINAL MOUNTING AT THE HENDON EXHIBITION.

HALF A CENTURY of development in aviation was illustrated at Hendon on July 19, 20 and 21, at a display, "Fifty Years of Flying," organised by the *Daily Express* in conjunction with the Royal Aero Club, in celebration of the latter's Jubilee. Some of the oldest aircraft in existence were assembled, and these historic models proved themselves still airworthy, by making short, sedate little flights, with, at the controls, famous test pilots accustomed to flying the fastest and most modern machines. A replica of the Blériot monoplane (1909) as well as such famous machines of the 1914-18 war as the Sopwith Pup and the Bristol Fighter also flew. Demonstrations by modern aircraft were also given.

## THE KOREAN ARMISTICE NEGOTIATIONS: KAESONG AND THE CHIEF DELEGATES.



THE DESOLATION OF KAESONG, THE SCENE OF THE KOREAN ARMISTICE DISCUSSIONS. ON THE RIGHT A TRUCK CARRYING A LOAD OF U.N. PHOTOGRAPHERS.



PRECEDED BY A NORTH KOREAN, MAJOR-GENERAL NAM IL, THE NORTH KOREAN CHIEF COMMUNIST NEGOTIATOR (IN TOP-BOOTS), LEAVES THE CONFERENCE BUILDING.



THE COMPLETE U.N. NEGOTIATING TEAM, PHOTOGRAPHED IN KAESONG. (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) MAJOR-GENERAL CRAIGIE, MAJOR-GENERAL PAIK SUN YUP, VICE-ADMIRAL JOY, MAJOR-GENERAL HODGES, REAR-ADMIRAL BURKE. (SECOND ROW, L. TO R.) COLONEL DARROW, COLONEL KINNEY, CAPTAIN BRIGGS, COLONEL GREENE. (TOP ROW, L. TO R.) COLONEL MURRAY, LIEUT.-COLONEL LEUIE, LIEUT.-COLONEL SOO YOUNG LEE, LIEUT.-COLONEL KOLE.

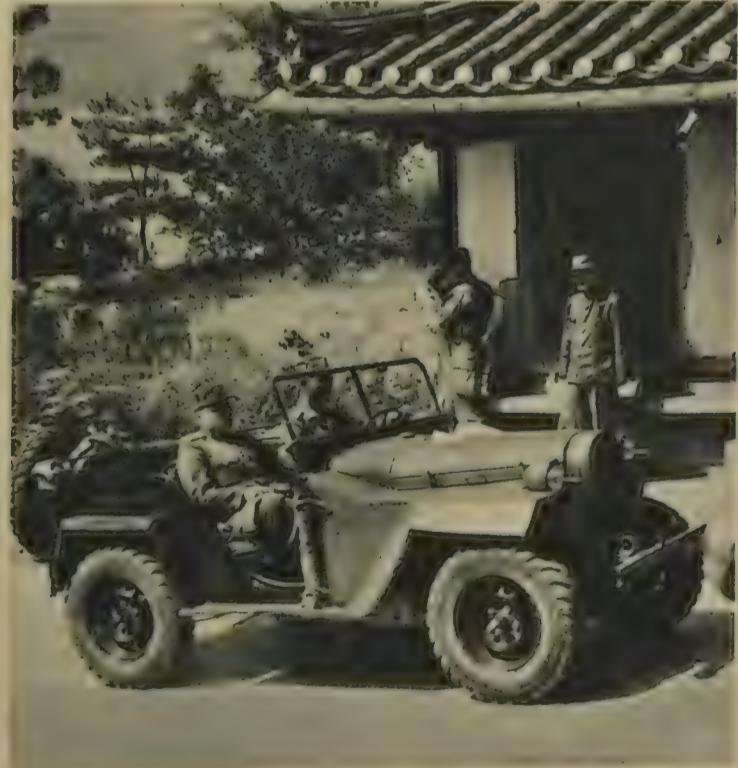


THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNIST NEGOTIATING TEAM AT KAESONG. (L. TO R.) GENERAL HSIEH FANG AND GENERAL TUNG HUA, BOTH CHINESE, WITH THREE NORTH KOREANS, MAJOR-GENERAL NAM IL, MAJOR-GENERAL LEE SONG CHO AND MAJOR-GENERAL CHANG PYUNG SAN.



IN THE CAR PARK AT KAESONG: AN AMERICAN SOLDIER EXAMINING A JEEP USED BY THE COMMUNISTS WHICH HAD APPARENTLY BEEN CAPTURED FROM THE AMERICANS.

The Korean armistice negotiations which opened at Kaesong on July 10, broke down on July 12, and were resumed on July 15, were adjourned for a four-day recess on July 22. It would appear that General Nam Il, the North Korean, who is the chief Communist delegate, asked for this recess at the instance of the two Chinese members, who had hitherto seemed to be taking little part in the discussions. It was thought that the Communists at last realised that



ONE OF THE NORTH KOREAN DELEGATES, MAJOR-GENERAL LEE SONG CHO, ARRIVING FOR ARMISTICE DISCUSSIONS IN A RUSSIAN-BUILT JEEP.

Admiral Joy meant what he said in refusing to consider anything of a political character—including the withdrawal of troops; and that in consequence they wanted, it would seem, time to get further instructions from their Governments. The discussions were due to be resumed on July 25. In the meanwhile, Admiral Joy, General Craigie and Admiral Burke flew to Tokyo to confer with General Ridgway. (Top two and lower left photographs by radio.)

THE COSTLIEST FLOODS IN U.S. HISTORY:  
WATER AND FIRE THAT DID 750,000,000  
DOLLARS-WORTH OF DAMAGE.



AN ASPECT OF THE COSTLIEST FLOOD IN U.S. HISTORY: THE MAIN GOODS MARSHALLING YARDS OF KANSAS CITY (MISSOURI) SUBMERGED BY THE FLOOD-WATERS OF THE KANSAS AND MISSOURI RIVERS.



A STRANGE, DISASTROUS ASPECT OF THE FLOODS: BLAZING PETROL FLOATING ON THE FLOOD-WATERS BESIDE A PREVIOUSLY BURNT-OUT AREA (RIGHT).



MAROONED BY THE FLOODS IN THE SUBMERGED STOCKYARDS OF KANSAS CITY: A HEREFORD STEER, WHOSE RIBS ARE BEGINNING TO SHOW.



DISTRIBUTING DRINKING WATER BY FIRE-HOSE IN KANSAS CITY. WATER SUPPLIES WERE CUT OFF IN MANY PLACES, AND ALL CAME UNDER SUSPICION.



A TERRIFYING FLOOD HAZARD: HUGE PETROL CONTAINERS, FLOATING AND BUMPING AGAINST A BRIDGE. A LEAK WOULD ADD SUPPLIES TO THE FLOATING FIRES.



OUT OF THE FLOOD-WATERS RISES (RIGHT-CENTRE) A SOAP COMPANY'S FACTORY, WITH A RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT NEAR BY AND A SCHOOL BUILDING (LEFT).

A first report of the Kansas floods was given in our last issue. Since then further reports have come in, and it has been stated that more than 100,000 people in Kansas and Missouri were driven from their homes; forty-one were killed; a million-and-a-half acres were inundated, and the estimated damage was put at 750,000,000 dollars, thus making it the costliest flood in U.S. history. The worst of the disaster was in the twin cities of Kansas City (Missouri) and Kansas City (Kansas), where the Kansas River (sometimes called

the Kaw) joins the Missouri. Here it was expected that the 22-ft. flood walls built to resist waters as high as those that caused the previous worst flood (in 1903) would control this flood. They did not do so, and the flood-waters roared over the levees into the low-lying industrial districts, stockyards and marshalling yards. In Kansas City, Mo., a petroleum storage tank was hurled against a high-tension wire and devastating floating fires were started that demolished seven blocks of the city.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

In the uncertain, often disappointing, world of fiction, there are a few events that one can always look forward to, and the appearances of Nigel Balchin are among the number. His latest novel is "A Way Through the Wood" (Collins; 10s. 6d.); and those who relish him at all—I find it hard to realise that some may not—will seize upon it with complete assurance. At the same time, they won't know just what to expect. It is a most attractive quality in his career that having struck a brilliant and infallible success formula, he won't sit down with it, but keeps on trying for something new. I don't think this has led to any real advance, nor do I feel that we should now expect one—though you can never tell. But certainly it adds an interest to anticipation.

In this book he has almost scrapped excitement: the action is so thin that, paradoxically, it becomes important not to give much away. And yet it opens in dramatic vein. The Mannings' marriage is disturbed by an accident—literally, a road accident—which leads up to a nice and searching and acutely hopeless moral conflict. It seems a first-rate start. But that dilemma soon falls into the background, and thereafter, when it crops up—as it still does throughout the novel—has an almost intrusive air. What counts is not the accident or its especial sequel, but the state of things it has brought casually to light. We are on the threshold of a pure triangle-story, told by the husband.

Jim Manning is a scrupulous, responsible and sterling character, and not unaware of it. He has decided views on the right thing, and holds that everybody could and should behave well. And he adores his wife and takes their married happiness for granted. Jill is not of his moral calibre; she is a scatterbrain, a spendthrift, something of a fibber, and, as he can't help feeling, not quite grown up. But though she fails him constantly in trifles, he is never chilled, and trusts her absolutely in the main. And then it turns out that his sense of union was a fool's paradise. Jill has a generous and tender heart, she loves him truly and reveres him as a mentor; but simultaneously she resents him as a mentor, though in deep silence. At times her married life has seemed a course of doing the wrong thing, and rousing patient disapproval. And so she has resorted to a playmate behind his back. To her the Hon. Bill Bule is a moral holiday—but Jim can't understand that. At first he is not even jealous, only irritated. Bule has no principles, he cares for no one but himself, so how could Jill prefer him? The deeper wound is the discovery that he has never known her, and can't trust her now. Yet he behaves well. He is extremely generous and "civilised"—and in the end completely sickened of his own worth.

Which merely means that he has learnt yet higher standards. While as for Jill, her maddening behaviour and her want of scruple cannot be justified by saying that women have a different code. In fact, that line is really too banal for Mr. Balchin's intelligence. But the intelligence, the brilliance and the poignancy are all there, if in a quieter strain than usual.

"The Town and the City," by John Kerouac (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), is an American first novel and a shout of feeling. An American critic has pronounced its author "wiser than Thomas Wolfe, with whom he will be compared"—which one may see as an attraction, or a warning, or a bit of each. At any rate, his book is of great length, enormously aspiring, written at the top of the lungs.

This time the plot could be revealed in full if it would help, and there were much to lay hold of. But it is not that kind of novel. Plainly, its content has been taken from experience with little shaping. The town of Galloway, in Massachusetts, has its roots in earth; it lies wide open to the country and the changing year. And here the Martins grow up, a big, exuberant, united family. But time and war disperse them, and destroy their home; the parents move to New York, and life is an uncharted chaos. That would be the whole story—except that it is not a story, but a rhapsody on youth, on young America, and on the human plight. It strains to capture every aspect of being, on the profoundest level, at the highest pitch. In this experience there are no calms; all is unfathomable grief and wonder, or devouring appetite, or yelling glee, packed tight and wildly overwritten, in a welter of adjectives. And there are also memorable scenes, flashes of rare poetic beauty and intense vision. Of course the rhapsody was bound to crowd out most of the characters; but two at least—Martin the father, and the son who plays football—deserved a better chance. For this, however gifted and exuberant, is not novel-writing.

"Bess," by Ann Stafford (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is the story of a London waif, growing up to battle with society in late Victorian days. Her home is with the Tyler family in Wapping; impudent Fanny Tyler "borrowed" her to go a-begging in the West End, and, as the case turned out, became a mother to her. And Fanny's younger brother Watty is a militant Socialist. So red-haired Bess has been indoctrinated from the cradle, and sees the Movement in its stormy dawn as the romance of life. She is "promoted" from the squalor of her happy childhood to the service of a rich godmother, and nearly breaks her heart at the exchange; but Watty says it is a good thing. The more she learns, the more she can advance the Cause. . . . So she devotes her wit and energy to getting on—not in unmixed selflessness, and not invariably on the right lines. But always early loyalties reclaim her, for the old battle-front. It is a feeling story, with a really touching love-affair.

In "Centre Court Murder," by Bernard Newman (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), "Amazon Annie," or the "Suffolk Mare," drops dead at Wimbledon, during the third set of her semi-final against Gorgeous Gussie, before the eyes of Mr. Newman and his F.B.I. friend Nicholas Prince. And Nick is on to poison like a flash. Suspicion concentrates at first on Annie's little trainer Morton, who is also her affianced husband; he had the biggest opportunity, and is the Yard's selection. But Nick holds different views, and scents a very far-fetched combination indeed. Quietly he steers officialdom from point to point up to the charge and trial, of which a good slice is quoted. And after that there is a spurt of violent action. The whole thing has a studied, true-to-life effect.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE GREATEST VIRTUOSO.

"THIS has been a lovely book to write," says Mr. John Lindsey in the foreword to his "Wren: His Work and Times" (Rich and Cowan; 16s.), and there is a strong presupposition that any book written in such a spirit will be a lovely book to read. Indeed, we are not disappointed. The subject is an admirable one. No Londoner can fail to have a warm corner in his heart for the great little man whose Cathedral on that terrible night of flame (in a Fire of London far greater than the one Wren knew which gave him his opportunity) "seemed to ride the sea like a great ship, lifting above smoke and flame the inviolable ensign of the golden cross."

Of all the virtuosi of his time—the spawning-time of the Virtuoso—Wren must be pre-eminent. It was an age which was the opposite of our own, when we suffer from the blinkered narrowness of hordes of specialists. It was an age of infinite enquiry, when men's minds bubbled and seethed with the interest which the world around them evoked—whether it was the world of theology, philosophy, the arts, or natural sciences. And of all the "ingeniose" men (that lovely seventeenth-century word which appears again and again in the pages of its annalists and diarists), he was undoubtedly the most "ingeniose." In an age of prodigies, he was an infant prodigy. He, as the son of a Royalist, was sent to Westminster, where the great and terrifying Dr. Busby defied Commonwealth and Protectorate, could boast to Charles II. that of his bench of Bishops he had thrashed no fewer than sixteen, but, indomitable Royalist as he was, refused to uncover in the presence of his boys and his restored King, explaining: "Sir, if my boys supposed there was any greater than myself in the realm, there would be at once an end to my authority." At Oxford he went to Wadham under the wise Dr. Wilkins, the brother-in-law of Cromwell, who nevertheless gathered round him an incomparable band of philosophers and scientists into whose political and religious beliefs he refused to pry. Here the young Wren, with his flair for mathematics and his inventive skill, found himself a leader rather than a pupil. With the Restoration it was natural that the son and nephew of two of the staunchest Royalists—his uncle, Bishop Wren, refused to leave the Tower in spite of repeated offers from Oliver—should be looked on by a kindly royal eye. Natural, too, that after the Great Fire, when the saintly and learned Sancroft had preached his sermon in the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, he should sit down and write a letter to Wren: "You are so absolutely necessary to us that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing without you." It is true that Wren's great plan for the rebuilding of the City, with its magnificent projected waterfront, came to nothing due to the sturdy individualism of the citizens, each determined to rebuild on his own site in his own way. It is true that money often ran short, that he was as frustrated and thwarted as was Michelangelo over St. Peter's. But he had the backing of a discerning and art-loving King who gave him a sufficiently free hand to build the noble church which is as different from the authorised design, as Mr. Lindsey remarks, as St. Paul's is from Salisbury.

Wren's prodigious output, his many-sidedness, the indefatigability which enabled him even in old age to outface his enemies, retire at the age of eighty-six to study philosophy, and be hoisted aloft at ninety in a basket to inspect a dome, have put posterity for ever in his debt. Mr. Lindsey found it a lovely book to write (and I have found it a lovely book to read) because it is a loving book.

Somewhere Mr. Lindsey quotes James I.'s admonition to Bishop Wren that "all their behaviour should prove decent and agreeable to the purity of the Primitive Church and yet so near the Roman form as can decently be done; for it hath ever been my way to go with the Church of Rome *usque ad aras.*" This has always been the supreme dilemma of the Anglican Church: to preserve the ancient forms, the authority of bishops and yet to deny the authority of "the Bishop of Rome"—a dilemma which was summed up in "1660 and All That" as "The Pope then broke away from the Church of England. This was called the Reformation." It was a dilemma which occupied the minds of the post-Reformation Anglican theologians, torn between a traditional dislike of the Papacy and a hatred of an iconoclastic Puritanism which had had the effect of turning Old St. Paul's under Cromwell into a gigantic drinking booth-cum-brothel. It made Sancroft, believer in the Divine Right of Kings, head the resistance of the Seven Bishops to James II.—and then refuse to take the oath to William, whom he had done more by his actions than any other man to bring in. It called forth the vast outburst of scholarly research on all three sides of the great theological debate—a debate which by its earnest delving into the historical past produced most of what we know of the history of the Church in England. Professor David Douglas has

caught and held the disputants in his "English Scholars, 1660-1730" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.). This scholarly, human and lively book, which appeared first on the eve of the war and is now reissued in a revised edition, is essential to the understanding of the religious and moral issues which underlay the great political battles of the seventeenth century. It is essential, too, to all who are interested in that remarkable body of constant men, the Non-Jurors.

It is impossible to leave religious matters without welcoming the reappearance again in a completely revised form of Mr. Ernest Short's "A History of Religious Architecture" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.). Mr. Short's self-imposed task of covering all history in an attempt to trace the age-long effort of mankind "to enclose and cover a space which should enshrine the idea of Godhead" would seem to threaten the ponderous or the boring. He informs this book, however, with such wit and such charm of style as to make it a joy to read and a pleasure to keep.

It is impossible, too, to leave the subject of attractive books without mentioning "Literary Britain" (Cassell; 45s.). This is a series of magnificent photographic studies by Bill Brandt of scenes connected with the literary great (and if sometimes the connection is a little tenuous that is the extent of permissible criticism). The foreword by Mr. John Hayward is as pleasant as the photography, and as well chosen as the caption-quotations.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is seldom that a master-game makes its way so inevitably to the final catastrophe as this, played a few weeks ago in Budapest:

KORODY	BENKÖ	KORODY	BENKÖ
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	5. P-K3	QKt-Q2
2. P-QB4	P-QB3	6. B-Q3	P×P
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	7. B×BP	P-QKt4
4. Kt-QB3	P-K3	8. B-Q3	B-Kt2

I could fill three issues of *The Illustrated London News* with a dissertation on this opening, but I imagine there would be a drop in circulation. This "Meran Defence" offers a wonderful maze of complications. We must take it for granted this time.

9. Castles P-QKt5

Boldly preparing to develop his queen's bishop and saving time by omitting the common . . . P-QR3.

10. Kt-K4 P-B4  
11. Kt×Ktch P×Kt

Black has, of course, gone into this with his eyes open. 11. . . . Kt×Kt would be bad because of 12. B-QKt5ch, Kt-Q2?; 13. Kt-K5, B-Br?; 14. Q-B3, etc. The isolation of Black's king's rook's pawn is more than compensated by the opening of the file on to White's king.

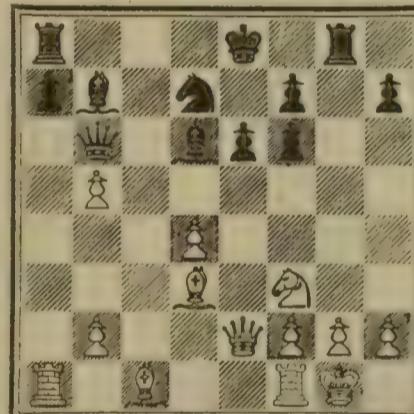
12. Q-K2 Q-Kt3  
13. P-QR3 B-Q3  
14. RP×P P×QP  
15. P×P R-KKt1

Black's queen and two bishops already threaten the White king along three adjacent diagonals. The rook completes a picture of a position.

16. P-Kt5?

It was essential to block one of the diagonals. 16. B-K4 probably offered most hope.

BLACK.



WHITE.

16. Q×QP!

Rather obvious, but pretty all the same. If now, 17. Kt×Q, R×Pch; 18. K-R1, R×RPch; 19. K-Kt1, R-R8 mate.

17. P-R3 Kt-K4

Yet another piece joins in the attack. Now White has no choice: if 18. Kt-K1, Kt×B; 19. Q×Kt?, Q×Q; and 20. Kt×Q would allow the same mate as before.

18. Kt×Q R×Pch  
19. K-R1 R-R7ch!

White resigns, for he is mated (20. K×R, Kt-Kt5 double check; 21. K-Kt1, B-R7).

I enjoyed that—didn't you?

caught and held the disputants in his "English Scholars, 1660-1730" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 21s.). This scholarly, human and lively book, which appeared first on the eve of the war and is now reissued in a revised edition, is essential to the understanding of the religious and moral issues which underlay the great political battles of the seventeenth century. It is essential, too, to all who are interested in that remarkable body of constant men, the Non-Jurors.

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, July 28, 1951. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.